

OLD TIME FOLKS



MOODS *and* RHYMES



Arctas





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IT'S UP TO YOU!

*No life is vain what e'er the pain
Of living be,
Then work your way from day to day
Through misery.*

*It is God's gift bestowed in love
For progress true,
From depths below push on above—
It's up to you!*

Jeretas.

Old Time Folks

AND

Floods and Rhymes

BY ARETAS

*Author of "Democracy and Direct
Legislation", "The Philippines and
the Purpose", "The Triune Harp",
"Facts in a Nutshell About Immigra-
tion—Yellow and White"; Etc.*

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PREFACE.

Concerning "Old Time Folks" (Part I of this book), it is to be remembered that the people are dead of whom the verses therein are written. They died several thousand years ago; and yet the story of their lives and their ways is more or less familiar to us; therein we behold their virtues and their foibles, their strong traits and their weaknesses—much the same as those of the men and women of our day.

So why not laugh about them once in a while! A laugh is one of the best things in the world, provided it bears no scorn nor malice. There will be no "kick" coming from Abraham, nor Moses, nor Samson, nor Jonah. Moreover, who knows but some of those worthies, somewhere in the universe, laugh at the queer things we do sometimes!

The charm and interest in the old-time Scriptural narrations are due, to a considerable extent, to the persistent human nature there manifest. Shadowy gulfs of time lie between the ancient and the modern world; but human nature changes not, and thereby the ages are bridged. In imagination we stand face to face with the patriarchs, the sages, the heroes and the weaklings of Ancient Days; and we recognize the fact that we are linked to them by the humanities and characteristics inherent in all men and in all times.

And thus it comes to pass that when we laugh at the Ancients, we laugh at *ourselves*—and therein lies a philosophy!

As for the verses or poems in “**Moods and Rhymes**” (Part II), they were written under variant conditions of time and place—when the mood was on. Now moods proceed from depths immeasurable—the depths of heredity, of circumstance, and, sometimes from the unfathomed Soul expressed by the face of Nature. Moods arising from the latter source are given to man to be given out again and, according as they are voiced, life tends toward success or failure.

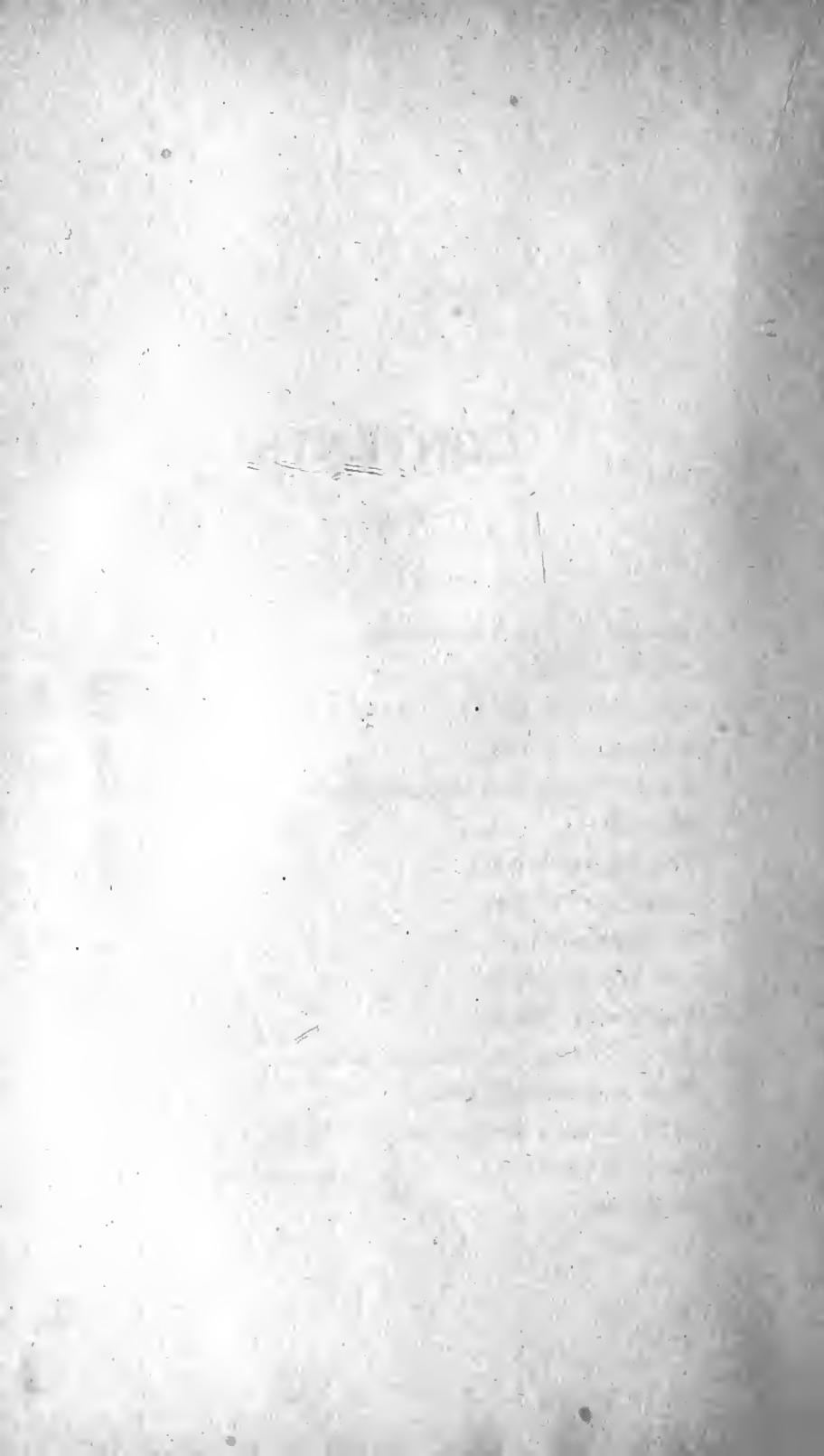
Necessarily moods present the gay, the sad, the passionate, or self-poised moments of life; they exhibit also the settled or changeful conditions of doubt or hope in each life.

When moods break forth into written expression, into rhymes, or verse or poetry—they vary from the atrociously bad to that which is of worth and beauty. No special merit is claimed for what is presented in “Moods and Rhymes.” Whoso reads the same can cast aside what is worthless, and retain unto himself, or herself, whatever may be of interest to the mood of the passing moment.

ARETAS.

“Home Tree,”

November, 1913.



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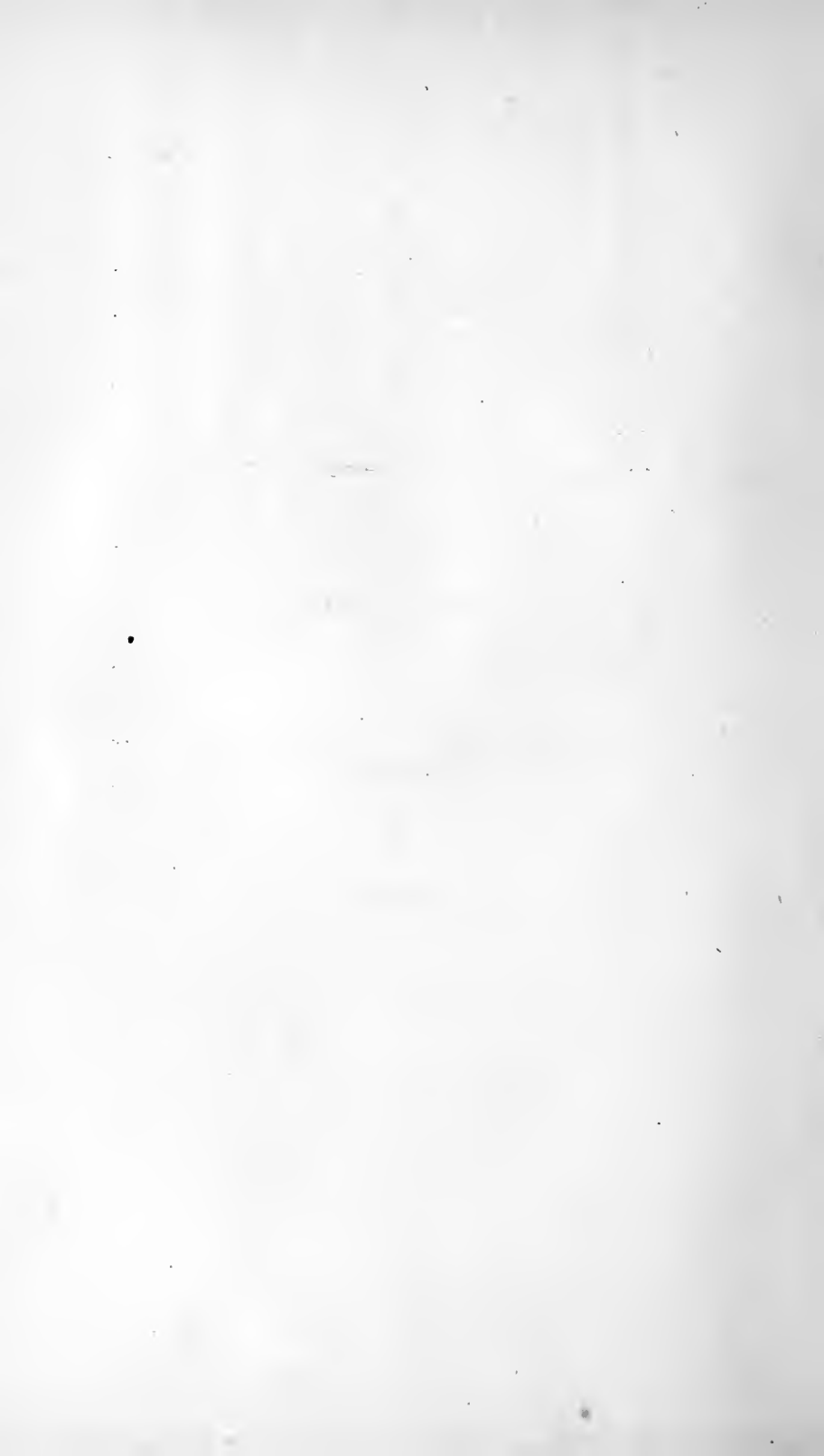
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PART ONE

Old Time Folks

By

Aretas



THE FIRST SIN.

WHEN the Serpent did beguile
Eve, our mother, with his smile,
Then began that fond "first sin"
That since then has hemmed us in.

This is how the trouble rose,
Written down by one who knows:

Sweet the flowers of Paradise;
Climate balmy, mild and nice;
Never cloud nor storm yet seen,
All was blissful and serene.

Sang the birds among the trees,
Our "First Parents" took their ease;
Not a thing all day to do,
Neither care nor woe they knew.

Fruit for breakfast from the boughs;
Milk dripped down from Eden cows;
And fresh loaves of Eden bread
Hung on branches overhead.

There they lived on "Easy Street",
Were "on velvet", so to speak;
Holy Angels through the night
Guarded them from all affright.

Such the home God made for man,
All adjusted to the plan
Of non-Sin, and Innocence;
It was simply grand, immense!

But Old Satan squirmed his way
To the Garden wall one day,
"This looks good to me", he said,
Lifting high his mottled head.

"I can never climb that wall,
"Through that hole I'll slip and crawl!"
Easy "sneak" it was to him—
Sound asleep the Cherubim!

Walking then upon his tail,
Head high up, "I shall not fail",
Satan said, "to find this Eve—
"Ah, there she comes, I do believe!"

"Morning, Eve!" the Serpent said,
Bowing low his flattened head;
"You look sweet enough to eat;
"My, what pretty little feet!"

Eve she curtesied quite low,
Had no shoes on then, you know;
In fact she thought it was no sin
To be clothed in her own skin.

Never blush nor thought of shame
Her chaste presence there o'er came;
Satan looked with great surprise
In the depths of her blue eyes.

All that took place I can't state;
But 'tis said that Eve she ate
Apples from the Knowledge Tree
Satan gave to her quite free.

Eve then hastened back to where
Adam picked the flowers fair;
Adam looked up with a smile,
"Eve where were you all this while?"

Not a word then Eve replied,
But she snuggled to his side;
Adam clasped her in his arms,
Gazing chastely on her charms.

"Eve", he said, "you look so queer;
"Tell me, tell me, darling dear,
"Is not life and joy complete!"
Kissing her on mouth so sweet.

Eve, her eyelids dropped quite low,
Sobbing softly, as you know
All her daughters now can do
When they have some end in view.

"I wish, Adam, you would now
"Eat an apple from yon bough;
"I have eaten one or two—
"And I've found out something new."

"But Eve, darling!" Adam said,
"The command of God o'erhead—
" 'All is yours within the wall,
" *'Touch not apples lest ye fall!'* "

Flashed the eyes of Eve with light,
"Truly, Adam, my delight
"Is to do the very things
"That the Angels who have wings

"Say we must not do at all;
"I care not for any 'fall';
"Are we not as great as they,
"I believe it, anyway!

"Here's an apple, picked for you,
"Take and eat it, with me too;
"I don't care, I think it's mean
"To refuse me, your bride-queen!"

Pale was Adam (he had grit)
"Eve", said he, "*I will* do it;
"I will break God's dread command,
"I will take it from your hand."

Shudders Earth through deeps and caves,
Adam eats—all fate he braves—
“Eve, I love you, *now* I know
“Why you tried to tempt me so!”

Thus you see the “first sin” came—
Snake and woman both to blame—
Adam he just *had* to fall,
Couldn’t help it—that is all!



NEBUCHADNEZZAR — THE “SIMPLE LIFE.”

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, the strange old king,
He did the queerest kind of thing;
Out in the fields he grazed on grass—
The Bible says, “it came to pass”.

For seven years he chewed his cud,
And lived out doors in dew and mud;
He left his throne, his home, his wife,
He lived alone—the “*simple life*”.

Great King he was; Monarch Supreme
Of palaces that like a dream
Midst gardens fair were hung in air
Above a winding river there.

Nebuchadnezzar, whom none could dare
To disobey, or question there;
Cast off his clothes from crown to socks,
And grazed on grass just like an ox.

Great King of Kings, his name a star
That shone resplendent from afar;
To him all bowed and rendered praise
And yielded homage in those days.

From luxury and fame he fled,
To thrilling charms of love was dead;
He cared for naught, it's true, alas!
He roamed the fields and lived on grass.

He browsed with head close to the ground
From day to day in ceaseless round;
He sought not war, he sought not strife—
He simply lived the "*simple life*".

Why did he this—was it a “fad”,
Or was his mind supremely mad?
Was it some kind of old “health cure”
The doctors told him to endure?

It's hard to say at this late day
What made him live in that queer way—
For “*simple life*” none can surpass
Nebuchadnezzar *who ate grass!*



VANITATUM VANITAS.

“**A**LL is over, I'm all in!
I have tried all kinds of sin;
Every pleasure, passion strong,
Wine and women and sweet song—
And I say to all, Alas!
Vanitatum Vanitas!”

“I, the king, great Solomon,
Wisest man e'er sun shone on!
All the knowledges and good,
All the secrets understood—
And I say to all, Alas!
Vanitatum Vanitas!”

Rather strange that such should be
Dying words of him, you see,
Who had every wish fulfilled
That he ever dreamed or willed—
Gasping out, "Alas! Alas!
Vanitatum Vanitas!"

Is it true, is there no way
To be happy every day,
From the time of our first breath
To the moment of our death—
Will our last words be, "Alas!
Vanitatum Vanitas!"



SARAH'S WRATH AND HAGAR'S FLIGHT.

SARAH "fired" her through the door,
"Go!" she said, "come back no more!
"You vile thing, and infant son!
"Now I know what Old Abe done!

"I have stood it long enough!
"I tell you it's mighty tough,
"I, his lawful wedded wife!
"I'll fix him, you bet your life!

"I will snatch his gray head bare;
"I won't leave a single hair
"In his long, old *holy* beard—
"I'll fix him, I ain't afeard!

"As for you, *vamoose the ranch*,
"You and Ishmael, root and branch!
"To the desert you shall go
"Where the blistering simoons blow!"

Ah, the wrath of woman's scorn,
Fiercest passion that is born
In the festering heart of hate,
Fires of hell there to create!

Hopeless, Hagar wandered on,
Hugging close her infant son;
On o'er deserts dry and hot—
Just what happened I've forgot.

And the Bible don't tell now
Of the racket and the row
That was raised in Abram's tent
After Hagar helpless went.

But in time all was serene,
Hagar, Ishmael, back were seen,
Fat and happy in that land,
Part of Abram's household band.

Anyway, it's plain to see
There's no change in jealousy;
It blows hot, and love grows cold,
Just the same as in days old.



PHARAOH.

I HAVE stood by Pharaoh,
Remeses, who long ago
Oppressed Jews on every hand
In that far off Egypt land.

I saw him erect and proud,
Grim in death, in ancient shroud;
And his leathery, mummied nose
Looked quite scornful in repose.

Then a Hebrew banker said,
Pointing to the shrivelled dead,
"You old villain, what you did
"To us by the Pyramid,

"Is a shame to tell or know,
"But for ages down below
"You have shovelled sulphur hot;
"I am glad—it's not forgot!"

Came to me in vision rare
Scenes of Egypt, grand and fair;
Fields and temples by the Nile—
Ages, ages passed meanwhile.

Wondrous vision! taking in
History of good and sin;
Days of grandeur and decay,
All appeared and passed away.

Millions lived and millions died
In that time-worn valley wide;
And down in the Pyramid
Pharaoh's body there was hid.

Out of darkness of the past
Profane hands brought him at last
To a place on Britain's Isle
In a splendid Marble Pile.

But through all the vision long,
On the weak and on the strong,
Shone the smile of God on High—
Sunshine bright as days passed by.

Why should men then cherish hate
For the ways of any fate!
Is it true that down in hell
God burns those who sinned and fell!

Still with haughty, stony stare
Proud old Pharaoh stands there;
And his leathery, mummied nose
Looks quite scornful in repose.

THE BACKWARD LOOK.

OF ALL the cities of the plain, Old Sodom was the worst;

She's buried now 'neath sulphur rain and fiery earthquake's burst—

For God, Himself, could not forgive such doings and disgrace!

With one quick jolt He blotted her clean off the planet's face.

It got so bad no one was safe by day or by the night;
They stood in crowds about vile dens; they jeered at
Angels bright

Who came one day to visit Lot, to tell him what to do,
To gather all the righteous there—their number was
but few.

I wouldn't like to mention here what then was said and
done

By righteous Lot and that bad lot of hoodlums after
fun;

But it is well to think a bit of flight of Lot and wife,
And the strange plight she found herself as fled she
for her life.

"Git up, and git! shake Sodom's dust from off your
feet!

"And don't look back! turn not your head!" the Angels
oft repeat.

Quick time they made along the pike, and all was
going well,

Whilst back o'er Sodom hung the clouds of burning,
fiery hell.

But Mrs. Lot she quite forgot the Angels' words, no
doubt;

She wondered if from pantry door the cat was safe
locked out;

"The clothes I've washed and hung on line will simply
be no good!

"I wonder if I've got the time"—and there *mere salt she*
stood!

A little twist of head around, a backward glance of
eye,

And there Lot's wife *a bag of salt all petrified and dry,*
A warning stood; and stands to-day in that Death Val-
ley there—

"Flee ye from sin, but look not back!" it's silence doth
declare.



DANIEL IN THE DEN.

YOUNG Daniel said that he would not
Cease then to God to bow;
The King himself is now forgot—
But all know Daniel now.

A blooming youth, unarmed, with bare
And tender limbs in view;
They thrust him in to lions there
Who roared for flesh to chew.

The lions ceased their hungry roar
And rolled around content;
They didn't fight, they growled no more
When Daniel in there went.

For there he stood, fearless, at ease,
Each lion did observe;
They purred and rubbed against his knees
Because he "*had his nerve.*"

And his mere look made fierce eyes blink;
Their hunger to forget;
He was no circus man, I think,
But he *had nerve*, you bet!

He made the King take back his vow,
Release him there and then;
So "*keep your nerve*", and stand ye now
Like Daniel in the den!



IN DEFENSE OF CAIN.

IN the dawning days of time
Came that dreadful, awful crime,
Death of Abel at Cain's hands,
The first bloodshed of all lands.

And I want to tell it straight,
For believe me that of late
Certain critics make the claim
That poor Cain was all to blame.

I, myself, no malice bear
To the parties, either, there;
Naught would I extenuate,
Simply truth I seek to state.

And these critics point with scorn
Unto Cain, the first born ;
As for Abel they all say
He was faultless day by day.

"Abel lived a holy life,
"Pure and gentle, free from strife ;
"And he was so kind and meek!"
Thus the critics daily speak.

It is strange how meekness wrath
Often brings as aftermath ;
Simple goodness, innocence,
Is itself sometimes offence.

Not that it is right, you know,
But it "riles" a fellow so
When your brother or some "guy"
Makes no answer nor reply

To the hot words that you speak;
And looks up so "meachem" meek
And you can't lay on him blame
Nor conceal from him your shame.

Abel like enough was one
Who no wrong had ever done;
But he was so meek and mild
That he nearly made Cain wild.

And so Abel stirred up Cain,
Day by day, again, again;
Just by looking with blue eyes
Opened wide in meek surprise.

Came the day of sacrifice,
Abel's altar, neat and nice,
Sent up flame and holy smoke,
Lighted by a lightning stroke

From Cain's altar built of stone,
With its offering to atone
For his faults and errors small,
There rose up no smoke at all.

Silent, Abel stood close by,
Watched his smoke ascend on high;
Looked so meek and cheerful there—
His mere presence grateful prayer!

Cain struck matches, cowboy style,
On his breeches for awhile;
Not a single match would light,
And his brow grew dark as night.

"Abel"! said he, "will you bring
"Spark to me or anything;
"All my matches now are gone—
"Everything with me goes wrong!"

Low voiced Abel made reply,
"Pray to God who dwells on High!
"See *my* altar's lambent flame,
"From High Heaven *my* spark came!"

When the trial of Cain was had,
He swore Abel drove him mad
With his "smirking, meekful air,
"And his attitude of prayer!"

But the judge excluded then
Evidence of expert men;
Not a word of "brain-storms" there
Would he let the doctors swear.

And poor Cain—well, you know how
They then branded him on brow;
Deep with brand of "*murder*" there,
For all time to wear and wear!

Then they drove him from all lands,
Over mountains, desert sands;
Everywhere that scar he bore
Speaking "*murder*" evermore!

Better had they hanged him dead—
Better that his life had fled
When the blood of Abel cried
Vengeance loud at altar's side!

For the silent stars so grim
Glimmered coldly down on him;
On the up-turned face of Cain,
Furrowed deep with scar and pain.

Lonely, weak, and hopeless then
Fled Cain "from the face of men"—
Where he went, and where he is,
Is one of the mysteries!

But he has my sympathy
In his lonely misery;
And this fact I here maintain
In behalf of branded Cain:

Meekness drew from rage red hot
The dire fate that Abel got;
Cain hit him too hard a blow—
Didn't mean to do it though!



THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

THAT terrible old Witch of Endor,
With sad eyed ghosts to attend her,
She frightened King Saul on his first call,
She told him some, but didn't tell all—
That terrible old Witch of Endor!

That terrible old Witch of Endor,
With demons and fiends to defend her;
She lived in a cave, and none would brave
The darkness of nights, and horrible sights—
That terrible old Witch of Endor!

That terrible old Witch of Endor;
With halo of horrid splendor;
All toothless and grim, and skinny and old,
With warts on her chin, a sight to behold—
That terrible old Witch of Endor!

But witches to-day don't do that way,
They dress in silks and satins gay;
They smirk and smile, and after awhile
They fix your future, and get your "pile",
Young witches, though *not* of Endor!



THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

THE Queen of Sheba came from where?
What was she to the king?

The stories that one hears, I swear,
Are strange and quite puzzling!

From the "Far South" she took her way,
Up through the Torrid Zone;
Until she finally one day
Stood there before the throne.

Upon it sat great Solomon
Who gave to her his hand;
But what that means and what was done
I do not understand.

For some they say by marriage twine
They thus were joined complete;
And others think as concubine
The tie was strong and sweet.

But anyway she "skipped" one night
Back to her own far throne;
She left the king in a rare plight—
But left him not alone:

Six hundred royal wives he had,
And sweethearts by the score;
So Solomon he wasn't mad—
He simply took some more.

And one dark king on Afric's strand
Claims lineage through a son
Of Sheba, Queen of the Southland
And mighty Solomon.

JACOB'S WRONGS AND ESAU'S LUCK.

IT really is a shame the way that Jacob did,
The facts are known and plain, the truth cannot
be hid;
He euchred Esau of his right, he swindled him indeed;
If you don't think that this is true, the Holy Scriptures
read!

Now Jacob was a twin, and Esau was another—
Both sons of Isaac old, and brothers to each other—
And Esau was the first to cry for light and air,
And Jacob caught his breath a moment after there.

In those old days they gave a great pre-eminence
To eldest son in everything; it was the usual sense
Of justice men then held, and still is custom now
In many lands all o'er the world, I vow!

One day half starved from bootless chase of game
O'er Chaldean hills, all faint and hungry Esau came
To Jacob's tent and begged a sup of pottage hot—
To save, indeed, his very life, I doubt it not.

“Go chase yourself! for you don't get a taste or smell
“Of it!” so Jacob said: “It's mine! you go to—” well,
What more he said so brutal was, I can't repeat;
And there Esau half dead, saw Jacob stuff and eat.

And Jacob, stingy twin, and younger brother too—
Just read it for yourself; just see what he did do—
He made poor starving Esau sign and give a deed
To him of birthright for mere pottage in his need.

But that's not all; read more of that long story there,
Of Jacob's wily ways, and Isaac's dying prayer!
Old Isaac's sight was gone; he couldn't understand
Or hear a word unless you yelled "to beat the band."

He wished so very much his blessing then to give
To eldest son; he prayed and prayed that he might live
To place his poor old hands on Esau's bowed down
 head
And bless him with his last sad breath ere life be fled.

That poor old man! he groped in darkness there and
 cried,

"Is that you, Esau! come near, come near, here by my
 side!

"Kneel down and let me touch you once again my boy,
"Your presence here, your voice and hand is my last
 joy!"

"Yes, father, here am I; Esau, your eldest son!

"Behold I kneel, now shall your last fond wish be done!

"The blessing I await!" so Jacob said—and *lied*;
And hoped to profit by it when his father died.

"The voice is Jacob's but—but the hands are Esau's!"
The old man feebly gasped; and then, with sigh and
pause
Of doubt and hesitating agony of love,
Leaned down, and, trembling, dying, blessed him from
above.

The more you read of Jacob's life, the more you there
will see
His growth in wealth, in herds and flocks, and vast
prosperity;
The strange unheard of things he did in way of
speckled ewes,
And striped bulls, and mottled rams to get from Laban
dues.

His children thrive and multiplied, are found in every
land;
In all the ways of trade to-day right in the front they
stand;
They run the banks, the jewelry shops, and liquor busi-
ness too,
The clothing trade they have "cinched" down—in all
you find the Jew!

Now that's all right, and I am glad to see them do so
well;

But what about the *Esau* tribe, can aught you say
or tell?

For ages they have lived in sands and climate burn-
ing hot,

There's millions of them too, I think, and hard enough
their lot.

On circus day a few of them on camels ride through
town,

The life of these poor *Esau* Jews is "humpty" up
and down;

And then one sees rich *Jacob* Jews roll by in red
'mobiles,

They follow there to see the show, swift riding at their
heels.

I know there is a moral law that works its way supreme,
That evens up the old, old wrongs until in time they seem
A hideous nightmare of the past that fades in light of day—
But *Jacob's wrongs* and *Esau's luck* somehow don't look
that way.



NOAH AND THE KANGAROO.

NOAH and the kangaroo
 Stood apart a pace or two—
“Git in there, you pesky thing,
“Don’t you see the flood rising!”

Every beast was safe on board;
Frogs and bugs and bees all stored
Safe within Old Noah’s Ark—
Daylight fled before the dark.

Noah he had worked a score
And one hundred years or more
The lives of all to save on earth,
Pair by pair for future birth.

But at the last moment there,
One of a queer looking pair,
A long legged kangaroo,
Jumped the open doorway through.

“Drat your hide and tail and all!”
Noah wrathfully did bawl;
“You will make the whole thing sink,
“Git in there, quicker than wink!”

Noah rushed to drive her in—
Crack he got across the shin,
From the tail of kangaroo,
Blow that made it black and blue.

With his staff he made a dash,
But the kangaroo just laughed;
And she jumped clean o’er the Ark,
Rose as easy as a lark!

Noah limps around again,
Mad as any setting hen,
"I'll fix you"! spat on his hands—
Whisk of tail—down flat he lands!

Leering back with sinful grin,
"You will never get me in
"Your Old Ark, so I'll skiddoo!"
Said the grinning kangaroo.

And with one almighty bound
Landed she all safe and sound
On the Isle of Borneo,
Where there was no Flood, you know.

This is why the kangaroo
Safely passed the Great Flood through—
This is why I tell to you
Tale of Noah and Kangaroo.

"THE ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEK."

MELCHIZEDEK! Melchizedek!
Now who was he, what "*order*" his—
That vague allusions there we see
In Holy Writ, a mystery!

"The friend", they say, "of Abraham";
Both joined together by strange rites—
What kind of "work", and queer flimflam
Kept them from home so late at nights!

Did they wear aprons and tin swords,
And deck themselves in feathers gay?
Did they give "grips", speak mystic words,
And in processions march by day?

And on "Lodge nights" did they get "tight"
As "royal Goats" of "High Degree";
In "Inner Circles" by weird light
Invoke strange "Shades of Majesty";

And feast and dance and smoke and chew,
Fill "flowing bowls", and jokes relate—
Do everything that some folks do,
Raise "high old jinks" and "celebrate"?

Who knows all this, and who can say,
That's what I want to find out now—
Who was Melchizedek, I pray,
Why at his name do some men bow?

A sacred name that wakes echoes
Of mighty pasts and hallowed fame!
Of Princes grand—and no one knows
What were the things that brought the same!

"The order of Melchizedek!" the mystery
Of Abram's time survives to-day!
Is it a humbug? can it be
That truths sublime are saved that way!

"The order of Melchizedek!"
Can you tell me, and *will* you now,
Who was "*his nibs*", Melchizedek;
What he and Abram *did*, I vow!



SAMPSON'S FATE.

I CAN lick all Philistines
"That the world has ever seen!"

Sampson said; and it was true,
Scores and hundreds he there slew.

Sampson, mighty man of war!
Great his fame comes from afar
Through the murky mists of time;
Hero! Sun-God! grand, sublime!

With the jawbone of an ass
Made one thousand cry "alas!"
Turn their toes up one by one,
'Twixt the morn and evening sun.

But no strength can withstand guile;
Just you wait a little while
And see how great Sampson fell—
Listen to the tale I tell:

Women all love big stout men;
How they cling to, fondle them
Every time a chance is made
To pretend they are afraid.

I, myself, a little cuss,
Don't like all this artful fuss
That on my big brothers they
Lavish sweetly day by day.

And it pleases me to know
How Delilah laid him low,
Mighty Sampson, simple lout,
Ere he knew what "put him out."

Seeking out her tent of sin
One time Sampson swaggered in;
There he spent the live-long day
In the good old-fashioned way.

And Delilah played her part,
She was sweet, and cute, and smart;
Coaxed and wheedled him to tell
What made him so strong and well.

And he told her, and he slept;
Slyly to his side she crept,
Cropped with pair of monstrous shears
All his hair close to his ears.

Then that measley heathen band,
Red hot poker in each hand,
Rushed in there, burned out his eyes
Ere he woke in mad surprise!

Shorn of strength, a total wreck,
Sampson "got it in the neck!"
Oh, my brothers, big and stout,
For all women watch ye out!



METHUSELAH.

"I AM tired, I want to quit!
"I have had enough of it—
"Nine hundred and sixty years,
"As for death I have no fears.

"I can see and I can hear
"Just as well as in the year
"When I stood at twenty-one
"Full of fight and vim and fun.

"I have eaten tons of food,
"And my appetite is good;
"I can dance and sing to-day
"Lively as a child at play.

"All that sense and pulse can thrill

"I have strength to enjoy still;

"It's not true that I'm worn out,

"I, Methuselah, am yet stout.

"I have seen all earth can bring,

"Joy and sorrow, everything

"That the human heart can hold—

"All the story has been told.

"In my fancy I can see

"Dynasty and dynasty

"Rise and fall and pass away—

"To-morrow will be yesterday.

"Nothing new beneath the sun;

"Everywhere I see done

"Same old deeds by those who die,

"As the centuries pass by.

"On the page of memory
"I review the history
Of the ages of my life,
"Days of peace, and days of strife:

"I am tired, I want to quit,
"I have had enough of it;
"And each day I pray to God,
"Let me rest beneath the sod!"

Nine years later when he died
Wise men came from every side,
And they rendered to him praise
For the length of all his days.

On a shaft erected there
These words enscribed are—
"Methuselah got tired of it,
"He was mighty glad to quit!"

Tell me now ye who seek years
To be added unto years,
Was Methuselah right or wrong—
Would you like to live so long?



THE SUN OF GIBEON.

“**S**TAND ye still on Gibeon, and thou on Ascalon!”

So said the warrior to the sun and moon;

And straightway they obeyed.

And then they ran and killed the foe; they slew

The old and young, the weak and strong—but they

Did kill no beauteous maid.

And this they did by will of God on High

Who gave to them the land of those they killed,

Forever from that day.

And to that end the sun He made stand still,

And shadows stayed the space of morn 'till night,

Whilst blood and war held sway.

Thus Joshua spread death and blood afar :
His thoughts of God were born in weaknesses,
Passion painted on the sky ;
He had no dream nor thought of those vast spheres
That utmost fancy visions not, nor knows,
Shining serene on high.

And so his scheme of morals and of right,
In bloody thoughts and purpose cruel conceived,
Marked out his petty world.
To him the sun stood still from morn to night,
And hastened through the dark to shine again
On bloody warfare hurled.

Thus runs the tale ; but in our day it seems
Absurd and cruel. We hold that neither sun,
Nor moon, nor any star
An instant ever halted in its course ;
And that unswerving they speed on, ceaseless,
Through soundless deeps afar.

We gather from the stars the messages
Of light, and reading know Causation's Law
Has neither break nor end.
We suns and systems there behold, gleaming
Like gems—flowers all glorious on high—
That constant night attend.

And thus by knowledge of the vaster worlds
That make our own a rounded grain of sand
On edge of boundless sea,
We learn of right and justice, and the Power
That sustains all; and halts no sun for war
And deeds of cruelty.



THE WHALE'S HOODOO.

I WONDER what poor Jonah thought when safe
within the fish,
And I would like to know also the whale's most
darling wish;
The whale could swim a thousand miles as easy as
could be,
But Jonah's home was on the land, he didn't like the
sea.

A strange, strange fate had joined the two in rare
companionship,
The whale had gulped poor Jonah down when cast
from sinking ship;
The crew of that fast sinking craft thought Jonah was
"hoodoo",
And as I read the tale I think it possibly was true.

For Jonah's luck was always tough, his fortunes were
unique,

He never got what he went for, nor what he choose
to seek;

And every one he met in life was quick to cast him out,
And yet he wandered everywhere on land and sea
about.

The whale he showed signs of distress, great geysers
he did blow;

And then to depths of darkest deeps in pain would
dive below.

He squirmed around, he bellowed some; said he, "I
will be blowed!

"I never would have took him in. if only I had
knowed!"

They traveled thirty thousand leagues beneath the
swollen seas,
They beat Jules Verne and Captain Cook in three days'
trip with ease;
From Cape Girardeau to Cape Good Hope one day they
swiftly passed;
And thence due West to wild Cape Horn continued
on so fast.

Thence N'or, N'orwest to Behrings Straits the second
day they bore,
Then Northwest Passage slipped they through, and
down on Greenland's shore;
Up Norway's coast to Northern Seas, to China and
Japan,
And back again to Cape Good Hope in Persian Gulf
they land.

And there the whale grew dreadful sick, for Jonah
burned some oil
To write the log about the trip—the whale made
waters boil;
He lashed the seas with monstrous tail, he raised a
mighty spout,
And through the starboard breathing hole he blew
poor Jonah out.

Then Jonah climbed upon the shore, a gourd tree there
he sought,
“I know I’ve sailed around the globe, no ticket I have
bought,
“But not a blessed thing I’ve seen the blooming trip
in view!
“It’s just my luck!” poor Jonah said, “I know I *am*
‘hoodoo!’”

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

GOLIAH was so big and stout
His voice made mountains moan ;
But David whirled his sling about
And hit him with a stone.

That mighty giant dropped stone dead,
And David grabbed his hair ;
With one quick stroke cut off his head
And held it high in air.

And after that when David picked
A stone up anywhere,
Each Philistine jumped mighty quick
And "pulled his freight" elsewhere.

THE ELIJAH BEARS—AND THE “TEDDY BEARS”.

(For Children—and some others.)

“GO UP! go up! thou old Bald Head!” the little
children cry

To holy prophet, Elijah, who there was passing by;
A shocking thing it was indeed, and dreadful, don’t
you know,

For little ones to taunt and tease an old time
prophet so!

The prophet halted in his steps and wildly waved his
staff,

The children backward dodged away, and then with
shout and laugh

Danced round about that man of God and shouted out
more “sass”,

And followed him far up the wild and rocky mountain
pass.

The prophet never said a word; at least I didn't hear
Him say a *wicked* word; and from his nose a tear
Rolled down upon the ground, and then I heard his
prayer,
"Lord, let them follow me to yonder cave up there!"

And thus the holy patient man went onward up the
mount,
Was followed by those sinful ones, full forty I did
count;
And all climbed up the rugged sides, far up as he
did go,
Until they reached a dreadful cave, a mile above or so.

And then that holy patient man slid down a steep
ravine,
And out there came from that dark cave (the biggest
ever seen)
Two monstrous bears, mothers themselves, and hun-
gry, I tell you,
And into fits and spasms there the little children threw.

With shrieks and yells and cries and prayers the
mountain sides resound,

And when the bears had done with them not e'en a
bone was found;

For every child was eaten up; and in the valley low
The mothers wept, and preachers said, "I told you so!"

And this is why that to this day our children with
delight

Close to their hearts in waking hours, and often in the
night,

Hug "Teddy Bears" and say in eagerness and pride,
"If Teddy had been there no children would have
died!"

"My Gracious! he is strong! he'd tear them all to bits!
"He wouldn't need a gun—you bet he'd give them
fits!"

And then their "Teddy Bears" they hug and say to all,
anew,

"We love our 'Teddy Bears'!" (*for what our Teddy
didn't do!*)

URIAH'S MISTAKE.

WE are not called to sit in judgment on the ways
Of those who lived in the "good old days";
Each age is law unto itself, and we don't know
How things "shaped up" in the long ago.

But somehow I can't help but think and feel
That Uriah never got "square deal"
From royal hands of that old Hebrew king
Whose psalms in church we often sing!

Weary and sad, and pleasure worn, and quite *blase*,
Upon his palace roof at close of day,
King David spied on housetop near, on other side,
The undraped form of Uriah's bride.

Baathsheba! name sweet to hear in this late year!

Of course it seems a little queer

That she there took her bath in lingering daylight

plain

In sight of David—but there again

We must not judge these things in present prudish

light:

The thing was done, the fashion quite,

By guileless maids and matrons chaste—and with no

shame—

Old ways and new ways never are the same.

He was the King! He liked her, loved her from afar—

He quickly sent Uriah to the war;

He had him shot, somehow, assassin's arrow, like

enough!

To us it seems almighty tough!

She was his mistress ; then his wife, and bore a son,
The great and wise King Solomon ;
And from this deed did thence proceed the greatest
glory

Of all time, The Temple—you know the story !

God wisely overrules the acts and sins of erring men ;
Good came of it ; and yet I wonder when
Uriah saw how looked the King upon his wife,
He shot not *him*—and saved his life.

King David did what modern millionaire would do
If neighbor's roof showed such a sight in view ;
Uriah was "easy" ; be not like him, your wife
Keep off from housetops—and save *your* life !

HAM IS HAM.

WHEN Ham was young, and Noah "tight",
 Snoring there in awful plight,
Came the "Curse of Canaan"—
And Ham's troubles then began.

Poor old Noah all tired out
With his voyage, tossed about
In the Ark for forty days,
Imbided the "juice" the Bible says.

And he drank to great excess,
More than plenty, we can guess;
Else he wouldn't fall so low
As to be "well drunk", you know.

It was awful, don't you think!
And it made the folks all wink,
As with faces turned away
They passed by on that sad day.

And it made the angels weep,
To see Noah fast asleep,
Lying in the noontide sun—
Not a single rag had on!

But Ham giggled, and he stared,
Had no shame, it is declared;
'Till Shem thrashed the low lived pup,
And then covered Noah up.

Noah woke and looked around,
Saw Ham's tracks upon the ground;
All he said I can't repeat,
But he "cussed Ham out complete."

"Cursed be thou, Canaan!

"Servant to all other men!

"Black thou shalt be all thy days,

"Black as are thy low down ways!

"And thy blood the curse shall bear,

"Grow thick lips and kinky hair!

"Hew the wood, and water bring—

"You're too mean for anything!"

Alas, for Noah! Alas for Ham!

It was frightful—Noah's damn

That red hot escaped in rage,

Sizzles down to present age!

Ham he's black as black can be,

Except "coons", part white, you see;

But e'en they are *Hamites* still,

Always have been, always will.

Why did Ham then stare and stare
At his father lying there?
May be he was born that low,
Couldn't help but do just so.

Born in darkness, and not light,
Though his skin was "shorely white";
Inner blackness it struck out—
Ham is ham, there is no doubt!



JOB—THE MAN THAT WAS A MAN.

THERE was one in ancient Uz,
No one now knows who he was,
But they called him Job for short;
Seems to me he was right sort
Of a man that *was* a man.

He had troubles, woes, and trials,
And he had most awful "biles";
Down in ashes and the dust
There he rolled and prayed and "cussed",
Like a man that *was* a man.

Some things dreadful to him came,
But he blessed the Lord's High Name;
And next moment cursed the day
Of his birth in a rare way,
Like a man that *was* a man.

Wife says she, "Curse God and die!"
"Go way woman!" he made reply,
"God he gives and takes away—
"Cursed be my own birthday!"
Like a man that *was* a man.

Three old friends came then to see
Job there in his misery,
Eliphaz, Zophar, Bildad,
And they acted just as bad
As the man that *was* a man.

Tore their robes, shaved each his crown,
In the dust they all sat down;
Not a word for seven days
Did they speak, the Bible says,
To the man that *was* a man.

Then at last the talk began,
Tongues were loosened, and they ran
Through all hours of day and night,
And no comfort came in sight,

To the man that *was* a man.

"Hold your peace—Let me alone!
"I will speak! on me may come
"What will come! I will maintain
"Mine own ways to Him again!"

Said the man that *was* a man.

"Though He slay me, Him I trust—
"May my day of birth be cursed!
"Let the day when I was born
"Perish utter, night and morn!"

Said the man that *was* a man.

Argued, scolded, prayed in vain
The three friends, again, again;
"What you know, the same do I!
"I *will* talk with God on High!"

Said the man that *was* a man.

And he talked in glorious strain
Of Arcturus and the train
Of bright stars of Orion,
And the "Chambers of the sun",
Did the man that *was* a man.

"Cans't thou bind the influence sweet
"Of the *Pleiades*—may my feet
"Lead me down to darkest pit
"Of death's gulf; and I *mean* it!"
Said the man that *was* a man.

Every kind of argument
There was heard, and days were spent
By the friends of Job in vain—
Curse and pray and curse again
Would the man that *was* a man.

In the Book, the story goes,
(Who wrote it no one knows)
God Himself says "Job's a man,
Satan do the worst you can
To the man that *is* a man!"

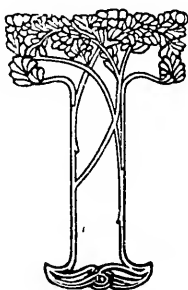
And the Devil certain did
"Try him out"; and God forbid
That you or I be ever called
To be stricken, beat, and mauled
Like the man that *was* a man!

Came at last to Job the thought,
"I'll not question why I'm brought
"To the ashes and the dust;
"I now know that God is just!"
Said the man that *was* a man.

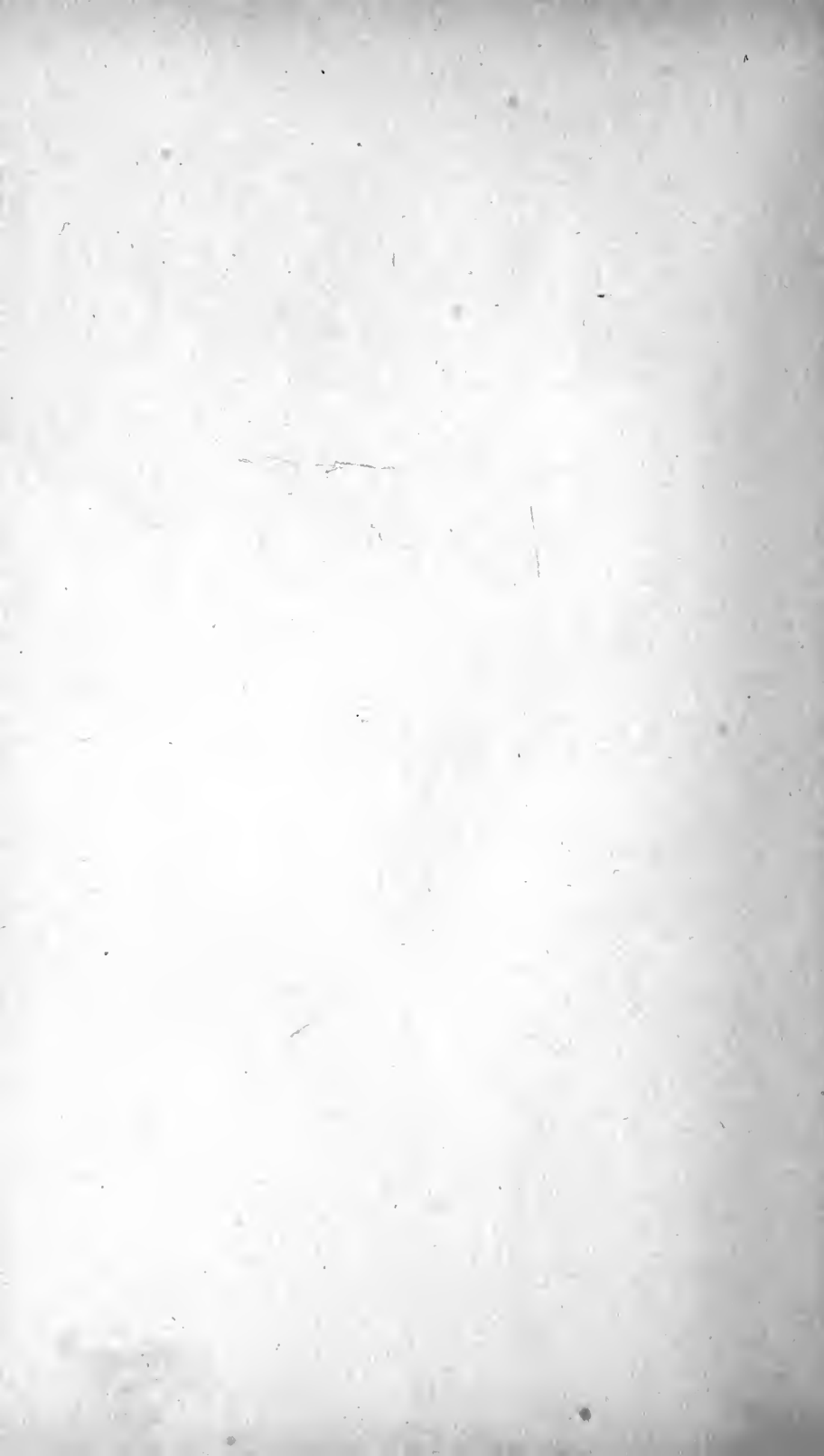
"Naught by me is understood,
"But God is entirely good;
"It's too wonderful for me"—
And he gave it up, you see,
Did the man that *was* a man.

Then there came to him again
Renewed health, and strength, and gain;
And he lived long years in peace;
And the fame will never cease
Of the man that *was* a man.

This upshot of all is true,
You best take what comes to you;
It's by far the wisest plan,
Don't be "Kicking"—be a man—
Learn Job's lesson if you can.





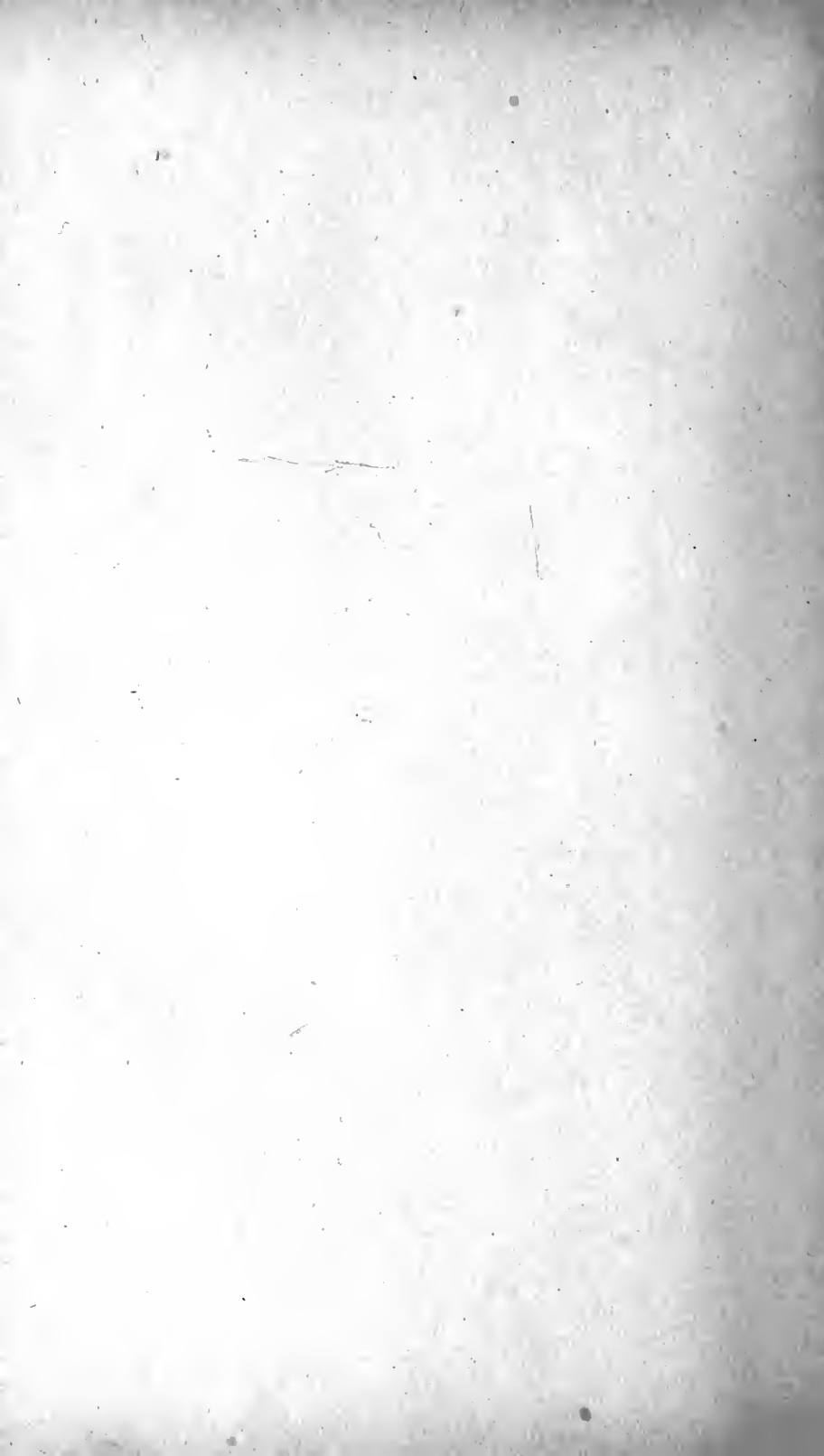


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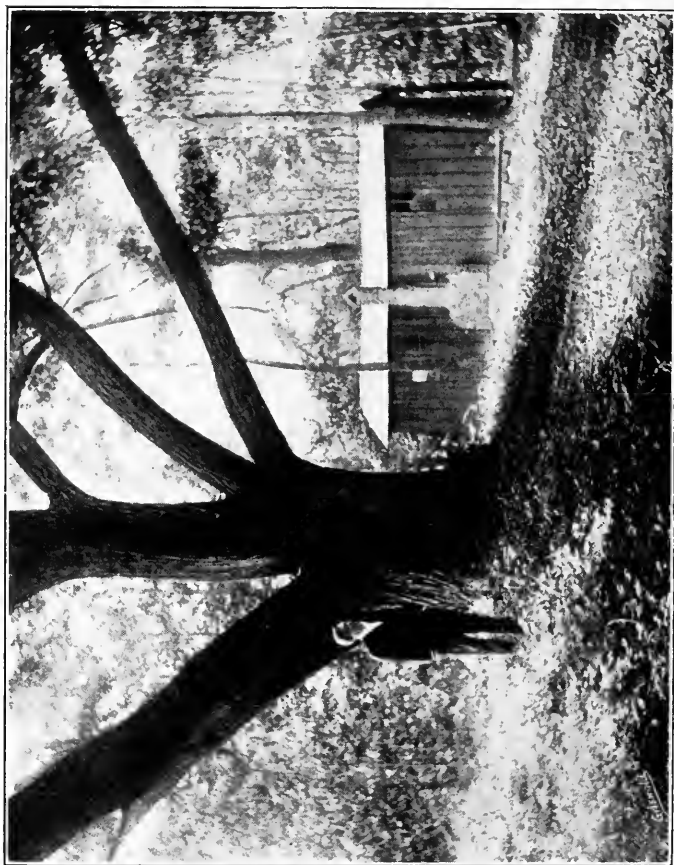
Moods and Rhymes

By

Aretas







HOME TREE

*This tree (so like a human life)
Deep-rooted in the soil,
Long swept by storm and tempest-strife,
Bears scars of wild turmoil.*

*And yet it proudly lifts its head
To greet the morning sun,
And when fades out the evening red
Stands firm where stars shine on.*

*Be thou to me, Oh, old HOME TREE,
A mentor and a guide;
So that I here may ever be
Strong hearted at thy side.*

*Home Tree, Maryland,
October 12, 1912.*

Fretas.

JULIA'S EYES.

I PLAYED the game the best I knew,
And I am "busted," and I'm through;
And this is how it came about,
How I happen to be "cleaned out."

Bill was all right, and always fair;
As for the gal—well, there you are!
No man knows what a gal will do,
And I'm plumb "locoed," I tell you!

You know Old Gordon, and his ranch
Over the range, 'longside the branch;
His gal Julia—my Lord, such eyes—
Stars glowing through faint sunrise!

She treated Bill and me alike,
Straight and level as yonder pike;
Of course we knew that time would tell
Which got Julia, and which got hell.

At last came day for her "round up,"
And Bill and me, we played "seven-up,"
And Julia said whichever won—
She would marry the lucky one.

I held ace high and deuce of spades;
There stood Julia—dearest of maids
Sun ever warmed or stars shone on—
And I felt sure the game was won.

"Jack and the Game" was held by Bill,
And at the "tie" my heart stood still;
But I braced up, and then once more
We played again, stood four to four.

And on next deal the "Queen of Hearts"
Was all I held of trumps apart;
And Julia smiled at Bill, you see,
But all the same she winked at me.

When "show down" came I took one glance,
The sky grew black, I had no chance,
For Bill held "High, Low, Jack and Game"—
Never would Julia bear my name!

I ain't no "squealer," and I stand
Pat on the cards that come to hand;
But God above! why did she wink
And put me on the "blooming blink!"

Where am I going? I'm going where
The "kiotes" howl, and grizzly bear
Roam up and down the canon's side,
And face whatever comes betide.

But, Stranger, when I lie by night
Beneath the silent stars so bright,
I'll look in depths of lonely skies,
And sleeping—dream of Julia's eyes.

Calambas Ranch, July 5, 1905.



A TOAST TO THE STARS.

(At a banquet where many toasts have been drank to friends near and far, one reveller, inspired either by wine or by the spirit of poesy, lifts high his glass and toasts the stars in the following fashion):

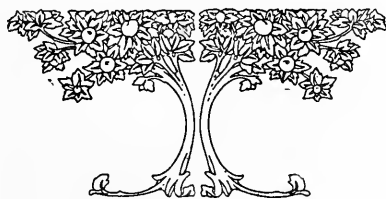
THE stars are so queer:
They see plain and clear
All there is on earth,
All that moves and has birth—
But never a word
From the far depths is heard.

They watch all we do,
Things good and bad, too;
And all that they think
They back and forth wink—
But never a word
From the far depths is heard.

They know the whole plan
That vibrating ran
Through chaos and night
On the wings of their light—
But never a word
From the far depths is heard.

So here's to the stars!
Strange neighbors of ours!
Those unnumbered eyes
That peer through the skies—
But never a word
From the far depths is heard.

Amherst, Mass., Dec. 5, 1899.



MARLIN AND I.

“G ONE with Sal! took her away
’Fore sun up on yesterday!
Rode my mare, and she the bay!
Vamoosed down the mountain slope,
Swift as startled antelope!”

“Let me look around a bit!
Vacant cabin tells of it—
Left no note to say farewell—
Left the loneliness and hell
Of love fled and ashes dead!”

“Just to think how it came round,
I, his friend, when none was found
To take him in because they said
O'er the Range in haste he fled
To this camp to save his life.”

“I, who opened wide my door,
Told him ‘harm shall come no more
To you, stranger, sick, half dead;
Though a price be on your head—
I'll stand by you, anyway.’ ”

“And Sal nursed him night and day,
Gentle, tender, that's her way!
Nursed him through the fever spell,
Healed his wounds and made him well—
And I helped her all I could.”

“Never for a moment thought
That to me would thus be brought
Wreck of home, of life; disgrace;
Falseness from the sweet fair face
That I worshipped more than God!”

“After this I shall believe
Every woman will deceive
Him who loves her more than life—
Curses on the *name* of wife,
Never more my lips to pass!

“As for *friend*, I tell you what
It’s a word to be forgot!
I will hold it now in scorn,
Not a single human born
Henceforth shall be friend of mine.”

“But on one I can depend
Whilst I live to be my friend,
Marlin there, above the door,
He’s my friend forever more—
Marlin there, my *forty-five*!”

“Sights are true, he shoots as straight
As the lightning bolt of fate;
Here I take him in my hand
And will search throughout the land
Till I find them, near or far.”

"Through his heart I'll shoot a hole,
To perdition send his soul!
As for her, to God alone
For her sin she must atone—
Naught say we, *Marlin and I.*"

.
*And the buzzards in the sky,
Floating specks, afar, on high,
Sail and circle, circle nigh,
O'er the plains all brown and bare,
Downward to a dead man there!*

Tenebros Camp, Sept. 30th, 1907.



THE CHILD'S QUESTIONS.

“**A**ND must I pray to-night
To Rockefeller high,
Who sits upon his throne so white
Way up there in the sky?”

“No, Rockefeller is not God!
You must not me annoy;
Your question is too bold and broad,
My darling little boy.”

“But then he made the oil papa,
That's found down in the ground;
For which the people near and far
Pay him the whole year round.”

"No, no my child, by sun and storm
Through untold ages past,
Nature made oil for all here born
Whilst human life should last."

"Then why do people let him sell
To them the oil so high;
Why don't they help themselves and tell
Him they no more will buy?"

"Oh, go to bed! Your questions wise
Prove men mere chumps to be;
The truth that shines in your brown eyes
Will some day make oil free."

April 4th, 1898.

SELF MIGRATIONS.

THAT once I sped through air
With bounding, joyous tread,
That I was light and fair
As clouds that float o'er head,
I dream, in truth.

The time does not appear,
Nor shape of life I wore,
But that in some far year
I free in space could soar,
I feel, I know.

Self-force my form sustained,
Self-force the earth did spurn,
As thought my steps attained
All ways I chose to turn
By day, by night.

In vain I seek my past to view,
In vain I strive to live once more
Evolving days my life ran through
From age to age, from shore to shore
Of birth to death.

Through memory weak and paths of dust
I can not trace the mystery
Of time, of life—and yet I must,
Conscious of self and fearlessly,
Live on, live on!

Chicago, Ill., May 7th, 1898.

THE GAS BILL.

YOU are a Christian, but the bill,
The gas bill, how the figures fill
Your soul with hatred for the light
That comes through pipes and burns so bright,
And you clutch your hair and swear;
And your wife and children fair
Shrink in horror and affright
As you swear both day and night,
By all that's holy, sweet and good,
How the gas man, if you could,
You would pound and kick and smash
Into jelly and then thrash
The life out of the dash! dash! dash!
The dash! dash! dash! The dash dash! dash!

But morning comes, the Sabbath sweet,
And you in church all shaved and neat
Bow low to pray—for you're no Turk,
And in your Christian heart can lurk
No trace of hate toward any one;
For such the word of God's Dear Son—
And you no longer have a doubt
That God reigns, and quite devout,
Are filled with peace and love; and then
As you reflect of ages when
Sulphurous gas will stifle him
Who made the bill, in silence grim
This prayer you breathe, "Lord it is well!
Thank God there is, there is a hell!"

Chicago, Oct. 3d, 1898.

DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY! Democracy!
Word dear as life itself to me!
As sunlight shines on all alike,
As darkness falls on all by night,
As blow the winds o'er every sea,
As thought unchanged will ever be,
So equal rights are thy demands
And for all freedom in all lands.

The stars of night steadfast declare
That each man born is rightful heir
To all that Nature holds for man
Of life, of death—of all he can
Of pleasure, pain or woe control,
From East to West, from pole to pole,
From mountain heights to the gray sea—
Through all of life's mortality.

No law shall stay eternal right,
No statute old or new shall blight
Man's swelling hopes that come there may
The dream, the dawn of the full day
When scepters, thrones and tyrants all
Into oblivion's pit shall fall;
When all shall cast off love of self
And each shall be master of self.

Then speed the day and haste the hour,
Break down the barriers, gain the power
To use the land, to sail the sea,
To hold the tools unchecked and free;
No tribute pay, but service give,
Let each man work that all may live,
Banish all bonds and usury,
Be free—set free! Democracy!

Chicago, Feb. 15th, 1898.

THE MAID BETRAYED.

MY heart is sad,
I should be glad;
For right of mirth
Is mine by birth,
And joy and song
Should float along
On every breeze
That stirs the trees.

But woe is mine,
And drear the time;
The passing years
Bring sobs and tears;
And sombre pain,
Like mist and rain,
Shuts out the light
Of my birthright.

For false was he
Who said to me,
With kiss and vow,
“I love you now;
I’ll love you when
All other men,
And angels too
Beyond the blue
Of heaven above,
Have ceased to love.”

His fond embrace
Brought me disgrace,
His love-lit smile
Did me beguile;
I gave myself
With all my wealth
Of womanhood—
Betrayed I stood.

And soon he left
Me love bereft
For a new face
With new love grace;
And sad am I
As years go by—
And yet I love
My faithless love.

Chicago, Ill, January 7th, 1899.

THE WAVES' REFRAIN.

O H, the waves of the open sea!
How they roll and toss so free;
Crested and turbulent, noisy and sad;
Careless and joyful, riotously mad.

Mingling, commingling; changeful all;
Torn with mad passion the clouds they call;
Up to the heavens, and down to the deep,
Ceaseless, eternal, they rest not nor sleep.

Sweeps the wind from East, from West;
Flows the tide with wild unrest;
Shouts of joy and sobs of pain—
Hear ye not the waves' refrain?

Mid-Atlantic, March 25th, 1901.

THE MOOD MAKES THE MAN.

IT'S all in the mood,
And matters it not
That fortune is rude
And hard is your lot.
The mood is the man,
The great test of all,
And by it you can
Rise up or down fall.

Whenever in doubt
Don't grumble and fret;
Think not from without
That help you will get;
But turn right within
And hearken to words
That then will begin
To make themselves heard.

For somehow will come
From somewhere unseen,
Like faint sounding drum,
These words, as in dream;
“The thing that you would
The most wish to do,
You surely then should
‘Brace up’ and put through!”

“Be cheerful, be patient,
Be true to yourself,
All hardships are transient,
All trials are wealth;
For by them you can
Rise upward each day;
The mood makes the man—
Be cheerful, I say!”

Washington, D. C., January 3d, 1900.

A BOSTON IDYL.

I CANNOT tell a lie
And what I now do say,
Is what I passing by
In Boston saw one day.

The solemn Sabbath bell
Tolled out o'er Common wide;
Walked there to church damsel,
Her bull-dog by her side.

One hand her book of prayer
Demurely held so prim,
The other hand so fair
Held fast string tied to him.

The maiden's eyes devout
 Were fixed on bull-dog's tail;
The dog yanked her about,
 The maiden's face grew pale.

For came there down the street
 That to the church door led,
A gentleman so sweet,
 A silk tile on his head.

On coat chrysanthemum,
 Dragged he a English stick;
And right before him run
 His bull-pup pert and quick.

The maiden's dog sprung free,
 A wicked leer in eye;
It was a sight to see
 Those bull-dogs clinch so spry.

The Sabbath bells chimed sweet
Praise to the Lord on High;
The crowds rushed down the street
From every church near by.

Each man therein made bets,
Communion was forgot;
And deeper each dog sets
His teeth, with rage red hot.

The maiden's voice in low
And cultured tones were heard,
"Come here! come here Plato!"
But Plato never stirred.

She swung her prayer book high,
She struck out with all force,
She "pasted" in the eye
The under dog of course.

Then soft lisped out the tongue
Of Boston's proud young man,
"Come here, Oh, Emerson!
My poor dog if you can!"

Each philosophic pup,
Plato and Emerson,
Hung on with no let up,
True sons of old Boston.

No word spake he as yet,
To maiden, nor did she;
It was not etiquette—
Not introduced, you see.

Then came a brutal "Cop"
And choked the dogs apart;
He to the fight put stop,
And saddened every heart.

Oh, Boston! Pilgrim's pride!

Home of philosophy!

Why by your maidens' side

Must bull-dogs always be?

Boston, Mass., December 30th, 1899.



THE DRY FOUNT.

ARE kisses sweet as they used to be?
Is love as kind as it was to me?
Do hands that greet stir pulses true
In the friendly way they used to do?

Is the world as good, or is it worse?
Does hate still burn with its fiery curse?
Do passions come and go at will—
And what comes after the heart lies still?

I'm old and feeble, and almost dead;
The stars look dim in the sky o'er head;
And I totter on and wonder why
My fount of love and hate went dry.

Woodnest, Maryland, January 11, 1909.

PRAIRIE AND THOUGHT.

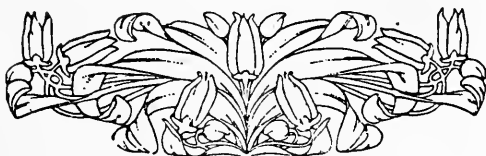
ON the prairies of the West
How the eye doth vaguely rest
On the vacant spaces far
Where the earth and sky lost are.

Green and brown and purple too,
With the varied season's hue;
How they broaden out the thought
'Till all near things are forgot.

How the mind goes on and on
Through the days that now are gone;
On through hopes of things to be,
Endless, changeful as the sea.

Shrinks the Soul then into naught—
Swells the Soul then out in thought
'Till the throbbing pulses thrill
With the thought all space to fill.

Joliet, Ill., December 6th, 1898.



THE BEST OF MEN.

EXCEPTING *that*, he's the best of men!

He cuffs and beats me now and then;
He stands about the pot house door,
And daily drinks up by the score
Great mugs of ale and Bitter beer;
But still to me he's very dear—
For excepting *that*, he's the best of men.

Last night he kicked me out of bed,
And "belted" me across the head,
And chased me up and down the street,
Big knife in hand, and swore he'd beat
My brains all out, and run me through,
And I believe he meant it, too—
But excepting *that*, he's the best of men.

He never works, he takes away
The shillings I have earned each day;
He never speaks a kindly word,
And Oh, the language I have heard!
For years and years, you can't begin
To know, nor dream, nor imagine—
But excepting *that*, he's the best of men.

Ah, well, I know it's all no use
Supporting him in such abuse!
And that he'll spend all I can save,
And drive me to a pauper's grave;
But *Jim I love*, and then you know,
Without me *sure* to hell he'd go—
And that's no place for the best of men.

Rochdale, England, January 29th, 1901.

AWAKE TO LIBERTY.

DREAM not of Ideals grand and true, but act;

To-day's the time and hour to do the fact

The Centuries create.

What greater need of heart's best strife than now,

When millions weep and starve through life and bow

Their heads in woe.

Why do we dream and muse, and sleep to-day?

The shining sun doth climb the deep to say

"Arise, oh man, and work!"

Cast off the spell that 'numbs thy mind, and break

The chain thy brother's hand doth bind, and wake

Him to the light.

Fear not to do the thing ne'er done—join hands,
Stand face to face—'tis then are won all lands
To brotherhood's demands.
From age to age man then is free to be
The self, through Nature's own decree, that he
Himself would be.

Chicago, February 25th, 1898.



COLD CASH.

THE friend of all friends is money!

You think perhaps it's funny;

But search for a friend in need

You'll find no friend indeed—

But cash, no friend but cash.

You look for a friend when "broke",

You get a stare and a poke;

But help you never receive,

The truth you then perceive—

No cash, no friend but cash!

"You have a friend in Jesus!"

They sing and pray and leave us ;

No use for you have they

If broke and debts to pay—

No cash, no friend but cash!

Then give me cash, cash money!

'Tis sweeter far than honey!

The friend of all friends I ask

Is cash! cold cash! cold cash!

Washington, D. C., January 16th, 1900.

THE POET'S LAMENT.

NO one but hungry men
Can poetry think or write;
Divine Afflatus then
Fills stomachs empty quite.

Oh Muses, great and old!
Why must this always be!
We think and hungry hold
Our heads in misery.

We get up in the night
And turn our fancy loose;
We then our thoughts indite,
But it is all no use.

There cometh in the morn
No one to give a dime
For all the thoughts thus born
And put by us in rhyme.

And if a dinner we
At odd times ever get,
It's death to poetry,
It kills the Muse, you bet.

We poets starve and write
In garret and in cell;
Our lines they live all right—
But our life, it is h—ll.

Washington, D. C., January 18th, 1900.

THE REDBREAST.

I NEVER hear a robin sing
But lo! my mother's face appears!
The tender notes through mem'ry ring,
And back return the vanished years.

The dear old home with flowers entwined,
In sunset glow like halo cast,
The loving thoughts, the peace of mind
Are mine again as in the past.

Oh, wondrous bird! whence comes thy song,
What spell thy blood-red breast inspires?
Why do you sing and bear along
With rippling voice hopeless desires?

Again in vibrant vision go

My pulsing thoughts by heart throbs pressed ;

Now comes surcease to present woe—

I slumber on my mother's breast.

Chicago, Ill., May 5th, 1898.



JESSE JAMES' BAD SHOT.

I'LL tell the tale they told to me
Of wild guerrilla days,
How Jesse James laughed heartily
And "couldn't shoot straight-ways."

Says Jesse, "start the Peg-leg man,
"Make him next run the race!
"I'll bet a thousand that he can
"Show up a lively pace.

"This bag of gold put on that stump,
"Three hundred yards away;
"He must get there before I plump
"The lead through him, I say.

"You Jim, this watch take in your hand,
 "Give him the word to go;
"One moment's time, you understand,
 "County sixty loud and slow.

"If gets there 'fore time is up
 "The gold and life is his;
"But if he fails I'll shoot the pup
 "And spoil his Yankee '*phiz*.'"

The Yankee "cinches up" the straps
 To hold his leg on tight;
Upon the word he turns flip-flaps—
 A strangely funny sight!

In cart-wheel fashion rolls along
 On wooden-leg and hands;
'Midst shouts and yells of rebel throng,
 Swift o'er the stones and sands.

At full five paces from the stump
 "Sixty!" rings out his knell;
"Crack!" goes the gun—one mighty jump—
 He lands there safe and well!

He grabs the bag—"I've won, I've won!"
 "Me and my wooden-leg!"
"Shoot, if you dare your darned old gun;
 "I won't stir now a peg!"

And Jesse bends with laughter there,
 Then straightens up full height;
"I'm glad I missed, you ran it fair,
 "Say Peg-Leg, you're all right!"

"The 'ornerest' sight I ever see
 "In all my dog-gone life!"
"Shake, Yankee! shake! you shall go free
 "With one bag more for wife!"

Henrietta, Texas, April 5th, 1905.

THE SHELL OF THINGS.

WHEN things combine to hold you down,
Cut loose and rise above;
And fear not then dread fortune's frown,
Cut loose and rise above.

Assert yourself in every hour,
Cut loose and rise above;
Thou hast within thee mightier power,
Cut loose and rise above.

Man is not born the slave of things,
Cut loose and rise above;
Through all thy life a meaning rings,
Cut loose and rise above.

For things are vain and empty all,
Cut loose and rise above;
They hold no worth nor power at all,
Cut loose and rise above.

When e'er you feel shut in by things,
Cut loose and rise above;
Burst out the shell that to you clings,
Cut loose and rise above.

Chicago, Ill., April 26th, 1899.



THE MYSTERY.

Lines suggested at sight of "The Old Round Tower"
at Newport, R. I.

WHAT hands shaped this thy rounded form,

Oh Tower of Old?

Was it for peace or wars' alarum

Built up by warriors bold?

Why stands it here in this late year

A mystery unsolved?

What was the thought, the purpose clear

First then to stone resolved?

The centuries have circled round,
The sun has rose and set;
Deep night has cast its shade profound
Through untold ages yet.
A race unknown, an age forgot
It typifies to-day—
Will come the time when this our lot
Will then have passed away?

Yes, all things go in endless round,
All toil and hopes of men;
Fall work and workers to the ground.
Does naught at all last then?
Is mind of man fore-doomed to death,
And does it cease to be?
Your answer, speak in one short breath—
Solve ye the mystery!

Newport, Rhode Island, December 14th, 1899.

THE ANSWER.

WHAT holds the life to come for me,
I wonder and I doubt;
Is it of joy and liberty,
Or will I be "snuffed out?"

Why is it left to mortal mind
To blindly grope and feel!
Why is the truth so hard to find,
Why hid is woe and weal?

Is there a power that shapes our ends,
Or do we hew them straight?
Is all we know of fate that trends,
To listen and to wait?

The answer never yet was found
By dreaming nor delay;
It comes from acts that each day round
Assert what we would say.

Boston, Mass., December 18th, 1899.



THE TIME OF THE GODS.

IN the time of the Gods
All things come round

To those who toil
In faith profound.

For the Gods were once mere mortals bold,
Who silent wrought with zeal untold
Their wondrous works and deeds sublime
And gave no heed to day nor time.

And now Olympus sounds their praise,
Where time is dead, and deeds are days;
Where *now* is all, and all is *now*,
And Earth and Heaven to them bow.

Washington, D. C., February 19th, 1910.

THE HELPING HAND.

IN the depths of the wood
The rain dripped down,
Slipping from leaf to leaf;
The darkening clouds
With sullen frown
Wept in silent grief.

I wandered lost and weary there,
I turned this way and that;
I sought the light in my despair,
I strove vague fear to combat.

Through the gloom of the night
I plunged in vain,
Sinking in wild morass;
No sound I heard
But drip of rain,
And I cried "Alas! Alas!"
|

For my heart was sad,
My burden great—
No light within or without—
Sad memories
And fearsome fate
Encompassed me about.

Then came to me,
Afloat on high
A form all wondrous fair;
Through radiant light,
As she drew nigh,
An out-stretched hand was there.

She sweetly, swiftly,
Lifted me
To God's sunlight again;
To hear no more,
Forever more,
The drip, drip, of the rain.

She vanished then,
With smile serene,
In brightness of the day;
Her face again
I ne'er have seen,
Her name, I can not say.

But once I heard,
In silent night,
A breathless voice close by,
"We Angels like
To bear to light
Those who in darkness cry."

(In the Maryland Forests, October 27th, 1902.)

I LOVE YOU SO.

THE years may come and years may go
But I will love you, love you so,
That days and years alike will be
One lingering dream of love for thee.

I shall not care for aught in life,
I shall not care for pain nor strife;
But I shall hold as joy supreme
Deep in my heart that loving dream.

And through all war, and in all peace,
My love will swell in rich increase;
In every land, o'er every sea—
I'll love you everywhere I be.

My love will heed not death's cruel thrust,
I'll love you when my heart is dust;
My love will out live time, I know,
Because I love, I love you so.

San Francisco, California, May 23d, 1899.



THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

I WANT the love again,
The love that thrilled me so
When you and I were then
Both young so long ago.

I could not bear to be
A moment from your sight;
My thoughts were all of thee,
By day and through the night.

Your form, your face, your hair
Merged in each breath I drew;
You were supremely fair,
And love was sweetly new.

But years have quenched the fire
Of passion and of youth;
And what I now desire
Is simply the sad truth:

Do you now love me, Dear,
As I love you so fond;
With thought and love so clear
As shine the stars beyond?

You answer, "Yes, I do,
I love as you have told"—
I welcome then the New,
I do not want the Old.

Holyoke, Mass., December 4th, 1899.

THE LAST REQUEST OF SOCRATES.

(From the "Phaedo"—free translation.)

TAKE her away," said Socrates
As Xantip' moaned and cried;
"Else pass the hemlock quick—now please,
"If she stays by my side.

"I wish to have one moment's peace
"Ere I depart this world;
"Unless she goes, great Gods of Greece!
"May I in Styx be hurled!"

So from the best and wisest man
They took her out of view;
For well they knew no woman can
Her ceaseless talk eschew.

Then Socrates gave forth discourse—
Immortal thoughts and words—
But down the street echoes, of course,
Of Xantip's voice were heard.

Libations to the Gods above
And Socrates are due;
But if this tale you tell your Love,
Great Scott, I pity you!

Paradise, Md., August 11, 1909.



THE DOME OF LIBERTY.

OH, Dome of Freedom! grand and fair!
 Embossed against the languorous air!
Thou art superb in form and size,
Unequalled thou beneath the skies!

Thy rounded splendor greets the light
Of morning glistening pure and white!
Thy matchless beauty like a dream
Ethereal seems in moonlight's gleam!

Complete, majestic, high, supreme!
Symbolic of long cherished dream
In hearts of men who would be free,
Oh, Dome, Oh, Dome of Liberty!
Washington, D. C., June, 1901.

THE MASTERY.

I SAW a spirit bright
Up-struggling through the dark;
It's wings were clogged by night,
It's form was gaunt and stark.

Anguish was on it's brow,
Torture it's soul did burn;
But up it pressed, and slow,
No pain it's course could turn.

For power of will
Was left it still,
To trample pain and woe;
So upward it did go.

And soon there came
New force and life,
And banished pain
And mastered strife—
And peace was gained.

Boston, Mass., December 8th, 1899.



THE "BREAKERS" AND BROTHER- HOOD.

Vanderbilt's magnificent palace, "The Breakers," at "Newport by the Sea," has been for several years uninhabited and closed.

ALL that art and sea enthrone
Here is found supreme;
Sound of wave and sense of stone,
Beauteous, beauteous dream!

Wealth of man and gift of God
Burst in vision rare;
Search afar and search abroad
Like is found no where.

What say wave and sigh of breeze

Unto thee alone

Who here boasts in pride and ease

"This is all my own!"

Say they aught of brotherhood,

And of rights of man?

Sob they forth woes understood

Of thy fellow man?

Unto me the sea and sky

This proud word denies;

Deep in heart comes the reply

" 'Mine' and 'thine' are lies!"

"For all men are brothers real,

Heirs to beauty all;

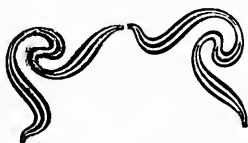
What the sea and sky reveal

Comes not at thy call."

Breaks refrain, again, again,
And whispers every wave,
"Here shall be no title chain,
All this Nature gave!"

"Awake, oh man! and pride disown!
Wide swing the doors and windows free!
Let every wave and every stone
Sing out the song of Liberty!"

Newport, R. I., December 14th, 1899.



THE "CHINEE CHLISTIAN".

"**Y**OU sabe Jesus—you Chlistian?

"Sunday I go Chlistian Mission—

"Girlee teacher heap likee me—

"So I good Chlistian now, you see!

"That girlee teacher, she fine girlee—

"I take her plesents, silk and tea—

"She say 'Jesus lovee Hop Ling!'

"She teachee me prayee and sing.

"One day I sing 'I lovee you'—

"Her face make red—I say 'it true'—

"She say 'Hop Ling no singee that'—

"Melican boy knockee me flat.

"That girlee cly; she pattee head—
"She pattee hand—"Poor Ling!" she said—
"I holdee hand—she squeezee me—
"That Melican boy, he no see.

"Bime-bye she bling laundly my place—
"She shakee hand—I kissee face—
" 'No more kissee!' she say, 'No more!'
" 'I Chlistian!' I say—she fly door.

"Some day that girlee, she come back—
"I fixee tea, Oh, stlong and black—
"May be she smokee hop with me
"So I good Chlistian, now, you see."

Paradise, Maryland, July 29, 1909.

THE WAY OF HOPE.

A WIND swept bird far out at sea
Flies low o'er waves, and wearily,
To gain the sun-kissed shore;
Seeks first the East, and then the West,
And circles round in dread unrest—
In vain, and o'er and o'er.

No land in view, no spot to rest
It's wayward flight above the crest
Of rolling waves;
The salt spray damps its beating wings,
Each moment gathering darkness brings—
No hand there saves.

And yet the bird has strength to sing,
And singing soar on forceful wing
 Above the roaring deeps ;
To rise through clouds to currents fair,
To float on landward breezes there—
 If hope it keeps.

Washington, D. C., April 25th, 1905.



THE "LUNGER'S" FATE.

WHAT e'er you do, where e'er you go,
From Golden Gate to Shasta's snow,
From Pedro Bay to Phoenix sands,
O'er peak, o'er plain, through all the lands
That form the vast Pacific Slope,
I pray you and I truly hope
That as you go from State to State
You never will expectorate.

I say this now to you because
In all these parts they have made laws
That don't allow men who are free
To chew and spit promiscuously;
And they have nailed up everywhere
These words, that tell all to beware
Of laws passed by each Far West State,
Do not, do not expectorate."

The tourist comes from out the East,
He brings his lungs—or one, at least—
He leans against a poplar tree,
He coughs, and coughs, so wearily;
He chokes, and gasps, prepares to spit,
When with these words his ear is hit—
“See here friend ‘lunger’ don’t you see
That sign tacked there upon that tree?”

“Can you not read the words so plain?
You better not cough here again!
We don’t allow in this ’ere town
No man, though white or black, or brown,
To cough and spit his lungs around
In reckless way upon the ground!
I’m Marshal here and let me state,
You better not expectorate!”

"My God, where can I go!" he cries,
This tourist man with hectic eyes,
"To death I will myself resign!
All through your town I saw your sign
And crawled out here and thought perhaps
I could spit once ere I collapsed!
But here it is, as sure as fate,
'Do not, do not expectorate.'"

A smothered cough, a groan, and then—
Excuse me we are all neat men—
The tourist struggles not to spit,
But all in vain, he does do it.
The Marshal clubs him down the street,
He tells the Justice whom they meet,
The Justice he don't do a thing
But sentence him to San Quentin.

Stockton, California, July 8th, 1899.

(On the Pacific Coast consumptives are called "lungers" and imprisonment sometimes follows expectoration. The State penitentiary of California is at San Quentin.)

OLD AGE.

BENT and bowed and last days near,

Tell me what it is you fear!

Is it thought of life to come,

Is it fear that there is none?

Old Age, Old Age!

Hands that shake and eyes bleared dim;

Toothless, halting, tottering;

Breath most gone and pulse so slow,

What is it you fear to know?

Old Age, Old Age!

What now lives is memory,
What has been again will be ;
Acts of good and acts of sin,
These you now must gather in,
Old Age, Old Age!

And your future sure will be
What yourself have lived out free ;
What from all the years you reap
Goes with you in your long sleep,
Old Age, Old Age!

Washington, D. C., January 10th, 1900.

MARCONIGRAMS.

"I YET shall tune a message o'er the sea!"

Marconi said—and lo, 'tis done!

Likewise the loving throb of sympathy

Afar can soothe the suffering one.

Washington, D. C., May 18th, 1910.

FOND BROWN EYES.

FOND brown eyes! Fond brown eyes!
Why do you look in such surprise
At the words I whisper, Dear,
So that only you can hear?

Fond brown eyes aflame with fire,
Lustrous orbs of love's desire;
Can you blame me if I think
That they half-way hold a wink?

Fond brown eyes, I dream and sigh,
With you far or with you nigh!
For the mischief is I know,
That they have bewitched me so.

New York City, May 27th, 1900.

GRAND BLACK EYES.

GRAND black eyes aglow with love,
Flashing light like that above
Which from stars comes twinkling bright
Through the depths of darkest night.

Grand black eyes I love so well,
Love that tongue can never tell—
Spark of light and flame of fire
Stir alike my soul's desire.

Speeds the light from out the skies,
Darts the light from grand black eyes,
I but gaze with heart aflame—
Stars and eyes to me the same.

New York City, May 27th, 1900.

EYES OF BLUE.

PRETTY eyes of cloudless blue,
All my heart goes out to you;
Eyes that bring like flowers of spring
Fragrance, fancies blossoming.

When on me you turn your gaze,
Back again come boyhood's days;
And I chase the butterflies
By the brooks beneath blue skies.

Eyes so earnest, steadfast, true,
Eyes so innocent and blue;
All the birds to you love sing—
You're too sweet for anything.

New York City, May 27th, 1900.

THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE CIRCUS.

THE White House door is open, the circus slow
goes by,
There Teddy with his rifle is squinting his left eye;
Young Quentin in his war paint, and Longworth's
shining pate,
Behold them there all grinning—the consternation's
great.

The bears all walk flat-footed, the lions dare not roar;
The "Holy Writ behemoth" sweats blood at every
pore;
The monkeys hush their chatter, and silent is the gnu;
"Oh, Heaven above, grant me one jump!" prays long-
tailed kangaroo.

The camels hump themselves in dread, the ostrich
hides its head;

"I'm sure he's going to hit me!" the striped zebra said;

The sad-faced lank hyena tears off a fearful laugh,

"You'll get it in the neck!" he taunts the tall giraffe.

The hippo and the crocodile they dream of far off Nile;

The tapir thinks of Amazon and pensive is his smile;

"My time is come, my tale is done!" loud shrieks
orangoutang;

The cobra twists himself in knots and shows his dead-
ly fang.

"I wish I were in Greenland!" low moans the Polar
bear;

"Give me a cave," the grizzly says, "in any place, I
swear!"

"My murdered cubs," the brown bear cries, "way
down in Alabam!

"Last year he slew them, and I fled, but here I am!"

"Alas, he's going to kill me, I know it, sure as fate,
"But this is his last term, I'm glad to state;
"And Billy Bryan with his smile this circus then will
greet,
"And all can pass in safety down this great wide
street!"

"You bet your bottom dollar," the elephant trumpets
loud,
"Next year our Ted will be there, in third term safe
and proud;
"For four years more he'll stand there, his rifle in his
hand,
"And he will shoot each circus up that passes through
the land!"

Crack goes the deadly rifle, falls dead the mother bear;
Great clouds of steam rise up and music fills the air—
"A second elective term is his!" far swells the calliope,
And everybody yells, "It will be true, we hope!"

Washington, D. C., May 4th, 1908.

PRIEST AND STAR.

THIS is what a priest of Egypt
To his people said,
Standing in an ancient prayer-crypt
By the Pyramid:

"Pray to Ra, the Sun and Father,
"Glorious, shining in the sky!
"Of all Gods there is none other
"Like him supreme and grand and high!

"Swiftly through the space unending
"Sunbeams warm to life all here;
"And his heart-beats now are blending
"With all pulses far and near;

"Vivify the Scarabeus,
 "Throb in voice of Apis grand;
"Stir the fragrance of the Lotus—
 "Life sustain in every land.

"Lo, the Nile, vast flowing mirror,
 "Reflects face of Ra above!
"In each rippled drop of splendor
 "Lies the potency of love.

"For when falls a sun-beam on it,
 "Kiss creative, soft and sweet,
"Quick there rises floating o'er it
 "Rainbow mist in bliss complete.

"When the Star of Sirius shineth
 "Down again upon the tomb
"Of Men-Ka-Ra who reclineth
 "In the silent mid-night gloom;

"Then the countless mummies holden

"In their cerements secure

"Will arise in image olden—

"Souls incarnate, blest and pure!

"Then from Memphis to Abydis,

"Then on land, and sea, and shore,

"Hosts triumphant will establish

"Egypt's glory ever more!

"So pray to Ra and do the duty

"That is nearest to your hand ;

"In re-birth 'midst wondrous beauty,

"You shall live in Egypt land."

And to-day that priest and people,

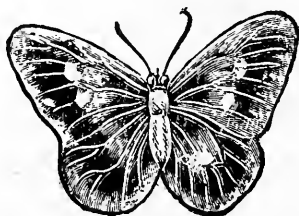
Wrapped in mummied vestments there,

Wait in patience and faith hopeful

The Ascendance of that Star.

And the ruddy disk of Sirius,
Through vast cycles o'er the Nile,
Moves in radiant splendor, glorious,
Toward the Zenith o'er the Pile.

Paradise, Md., September 1, 1909.



NIGHT AND NO MORN.

THERE is no life to come,
And death it does end all;
Who wants another one,
Why do we live at all.

If nature had a plan
Of life beyond the grave,
She surely would tell man,
And all this trouble save.

When burns the candle out
No spark of light remains;
No resurrection shout
Can bring that flame again.

From dust to dust all life
Goes in one weary round
Through pain and toil and strife—
In death will rest be found.

I positively refuse
To heed Old Gabriel's horn;
Wake you then if you choose—
My night shall have no morn.

Washington, D. C., February 5th, 1900.



SELF.

AN atom I of all there is,
A germ of all there is to be;
Enfold I all the mysteries—
A spark that glows eternally.

(On a later day.)

THE SOUL OF NATURE.

THE whip-poor-wills and "whit-too-whoos"
The long night fill with heart-sick "blues;"
The croak of frogs and moonlight white
Bring ghastly phantoms to my sight—
Darkness distorts the face of things.

But song of birds and morning light
Put fear and phantoms all to flight;
I breathe the soul of life and peace,
I realize the glad release—
Day brings to view the soul of things.

The thoughts of man so often hold
When shut from light grim terrors old;
But when the light of truth has sway
All fear and sorrow pass away—
For Nature's Soul is Light.

Meadows, Maryland, August 17th, 1902.



THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

ACROSS the sea, across the sea,
My heart goes out, goes out to thee,
With loving thoughts and longing pain
To clasp you in my arms again.

I look beyond all ocean space,
I look and see again your face;
I hear not now the wild waves roar,
I only hear your voice once more.

The clouds roll dark above my head,
I look again and they are fled:
For light of love with wondrous power
Has changed the night to morning hour.

I am not here, but I am there
In your sweet presence bright and fair;
For ocean space and vaulted skies
Are lost in light of your dear eyes.

Liverpool, England, Christmas Night, 1900.



THE VICTORY WITHIN.

THROUGH greater trials you must pass
To gain the victory at last;
The conquest comes from steps slow made,
Through pain, in patience—unafraid—
'Tis yours to reach the Heights.

The crooked ways shall be made straight,
'Tis yours to work, and work, and wait;
And still to strive each day by day
To climb the upward, onward way—
The way leads up, and up.

Thy victories are silent all;
No loud, triumphant, trumpet call
Shall far proclaim the end;
But peace shall all thy steps attend—
The Peace of Strength Within.

Washington, D. C., March 19th, 1903.



LAW OF KIND THOUGHT.

BY the law of Kindly Thought
Will your victories be wrought;

Speak the word and do the deed
That from kindly thoughts proceed.

'Tis the law, and it demands
Strict compliance at your hands;
Live it, breathe it, let it sway
Life completely, day by day.

Then the conquest, then the power,
All self radiant hour by hour;
Spreading out in blessings far,
Thought uplifting like a star.

Law of Kind Thought worketh good—
Let it be well understood—
From the Heights of Joy and Light
To the Woeful Depths of Night!

Oh, the Wisdom, Wondrous Grand!
That has shaped out seas and land;
Beams of Light and Kindly Thought—
All Creation by them wrought.

Washington, D. C., March 20th, 1903.



REBIRTH.

THE cloud that reflects
The splendor of gold,
It floats through the air
In soft fleecy folds.

The air with a soft
And gentle caress
Bears onward the cloud
From East to the West.

It is the sweet babe
Of sunshine and rain;
It floats and it falls—
But it rises again.

Washington, D. C., March 21st, 1900.

LOVE'S A MIRAGE.

LOVE'S a mirage quivering ever
O'er the desert sands forever;
And it has the thirst and torture,
Burning heat and mock of water,
Luring onward and still onward
Weary wretches to destruction.

In that desert bones lie bleaching,
Sail the buzzards o'er it seeking
Eyes of dead men to devour;
But the branches green by water
Wave and beckon from afar
To the wanderer hour by hour.

Sink the feet in sands all burning;
But the lover's eye ne'er turning
 From the far horizon rim,
Sees the joyous hovering vision,
Groves and waters all Elysian—
 Oasis to soul of him.

Heart aflame with love's delusion,
Sky and earth heat mixed in fusion,
 Lo! the lover yields his breath—
And the Mirage lureth ever
Victims o'er the sands forever
 To the thirstful, fiery death.

Washington, D. C., June 14th, 1901.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

OUT of the depths of woe and grief,
Out of the depths comes the belief
That life is growth and stoppeth not
Though our past lives are all forgot.

Vain are the hopes of mortal life,
Vain are the ends of mortal strife;
But through it all there comes the truth
That life is neither age nor youth.

Life goeth on, and on, and on,
Unending are the days to come;
Unending has been all the past,
It lives again in cycles vast.

Then fear no future, dread no fate,
Defy the world, be incarnate
The Soul that is, and that shall be
Unending through eternity.

Chicago, Ill., September 28th, 1898.



I LOVE BUT THEE.

(Song.)

NIGHT settles o'er the silent sea!
My heart it longs, it longs for thee;
I fondly dream that on my ear
Fall strains of music sweet and clear—
"I love but thee! I love but thee!"
Night settles o'er the silent sea!

Night settles o'er the silent sea!
My lay of love I sing to thee;
The song of love that stars above
Reflect for aye from heart of love—
"I love but thee! I love but thee!"
Night settles o'er the silent sea!

Washington, D. C., December 14th, 1907.

THE BEST PALL.

CAN you purchase tears, or buy a sigh?
Can you command sorrow, or trouble defy?
If not, what's the use of all your wealth?
It is heaped up plunder and worthless pelf.

In vain you struggle, and strive, and save,
You carry no riches into your grave;
You leave your gold, your goods and all—
And kindly remembrance is your best pall.

Washington, D. C., November, 1902.

THE LEAF.

LIFE well spent is never lost—
Through disaster and through sorrow
You may reach the final end;
But believe that on the morrow
There will come to some dear friend
Your life's lesson, learned at cost,
Life well spent is never lost.

Almost buried 'neath the mould,
Torn and trampled on the sod,
Lies the leaf, and rain despoils it
Of its beauty, shape and grace;
But its life was lived not idly—
Burst it forth from hand of God,
To live out and teach the lesson,
Life well spent is never lost.

.

Not the darkness, but the light,
Hold thou always in thy sight,
For the pathway to be trod
Leadeth ever up to God.

Washington, D. C., November 23, 1902.



CONQUEST OF PAIN.

OH, pain! tyranny of pain!
That rack'st the nerves, and breast and
brain

Of suffering man like demons bold
Who took delight in days of old
In driving mortals they controlled.

Is there relief, will come surcease
To pain when life itself will cease?
Will consciousness in new born state
Of life to come new pain create
To linger there still obstinate?

Yes pain will be in days to come
In woeful thoughts, and long with some
Who here are subject to the sway
Of passion, error in their day
Of mortal life—and in like way.

To banish pain, banish all thought
In present life of what is not
Upbuilding, strong in law of right
In life of self, in others sight—
And pain forever conquer quite.

December 9th, 1902.

GOD'S COMFORTERS.

THE stars, they comfort me
From depths serene on high;
Vast peace! Eternity!
Unending joy draws nigh!

I look in wonder there,
They lift my thoughts above;
From fear and dread despair,
I live the thoughts of love.

God's Comforters to man,
In Love and Splendor given;
When e'er the Heavens I scan
All doubt from me is driven.

Meadows, Maryland, October 7th, 1902.

MR. WASP AND MISS BEE.

MR. WASP met Miss Bee
 'Neath the mulberry tree;
 "Oh, Honey!" quoth he,
 "Will you marry me?"

 "So sudden!" she said,
 And tilted her head;
 "I'm busy—you know
 Mr. Drone is my beau.

 "He lives in the hive
 In apartment five;
 "He's so sweet to me—
 "Your wife I can't be."

The Wasp circled 'round
With wing-whirring sound
Close after Miss Bee
'Neath the mulberry tree.

"I'll kill Mr. Drone
"If he comes out alone
"From the hive—just see
"My glittering sting Miss Bee!"

At sight of the sting
She fainted, poor thing!
Her head on the breast
Of the Wasp's blue vest.

The Wasp stole a kiss,
In delirious bliss—
I'm sorry to say
He acted that way.

Just then came along
A bird with his song;
He let fall his notes—
But the song still floats.

He gobbled Miss Bee
And the Wasp, you see;
And singing he flew
Through the sky so blue.

And then word by word
What he sang I heard;
And this is the song
That is floating along:

*"Too wit, too wee,
"The mulberry tree!
"Their dream of love sweet
"Was left incomplete—
"Too wit, too wee,
"The mulberry tree!"*

Jingleville, September 11, 1909.

HELP THE BLIND.

WHY does he stand in darkness here,
Calling to every footstep near,
With voice all vibrant, deep with woe,
In mournful monotone, and slow,
"Help the blind! Help the blind!"

Is it for wrongs that he has done
In present life, or prior one;
In days of Now, or dim age past;
That to this end he comes at last—
"Help the blind! Help the blind!"

He draws his bow across the strings,
A sobbing chord the mystery brings;
Far floats his mournful voice again
Bearing to all the sad refrain—
"Help the blind! Help the blind!"

What Law is this that blots out light
And makes our brother's life all night
While smile the skies on us so kind;
What Fate is this that smites him blind—
"Help the blind! Help the blind!"

Washington, D. C., February 19th, 1908.

THE UNDERTOW.

HE'S falser than the grey salt sea
That back recedes so steadily
With cruel undertow;
His bouyant arms outstretched in joy,
His promises my thoughts employ—
He lures, and on I go.

My heart it follows, follows him,
Beyond the darkened, heaving rim
Of restless horizon;
The billows beckon me away,
With murmuring voice they call by day—
Black night doth draw me on.

No pain, no shame, nor any fate
Can change or make my love abate,
For him I welcome woe;
In joy I rest on his broad breast,
Flow tide to East flow tide to West—
Engulf me undertow!

Washington, D. C., April 29th, 1906.



CREATIVE THOUGHT.

I WONDER what I then shall be
When freed I am from mystery,
And know, at last, this Self of mine
That dim or bright must ever shine
Through ages vast and non-ending.

I wonder if my soul will be
Superbly grand in majesty;
Or will it dulled and marred by sin
Be fouled by memories held in
The despoiled Temple of my Thought.

The answer surely can be found
In all that lives the globe around;
All life that is, and that shall live,
Pre-shadows Self, slow creative
By Thought, and Thought alone.

Washington, D. C., September 6th, 1901.



LOVE IS COMPLETE.

LOVE is complete when senses fail,
Love is complete beyond the veil
Of present life and thought.

Love is complete when icy death
Blinds sight and stifles earthly breath
In darkness of the tomb.

Love is complete though stars fade out,
Love fills eternal space about,
For love is life and light.

Meadows, Maryland, October 18th, 1902.

OLD HOSS EYE.

I.

“I RECKON not!” Old Hoss Eye said,
Shaking sombrero back on head,
“I reckon not! I ain’t no cur,
“And I won’t see wrong done to her!
“You bet yer life! By Christ, I swar!
“I do bizness on the squar’!”

Far muttered rage in thunder told
Behind the peaks sun-tipped in gold!
And shapeless purple shadows lie
Upon the plains as night draws nigh.

"I 'low no man to *sinervate*

"That I'd do dirt to my old mate ;

"Me and Old Jim tuk up the claim,

"A prospec' hole, and worked the same

"The year the young gal's mother died—

"You say no more dog-gon-yer hide!"

A glinting look from Old Hoss Eye,

A jagged flash across the sky ;

And in the distance coming near

Old Jim and daughter there appear.

The "Tenderfoot" with artful smile

Holds up the flask in tempting style ;

"But really now, you know, my man,

"I never had a thought nor plan

"Of harming her—now don't tell Jim—

"I don't see how you get this whim."

With "chaw" tossed out upon the sand |
Old Hoss Eye takes the flask in hand; |
A gurgling sound down bearded throat—
The sky with glory is afloat.

II.

The moonlight floods the mining "shack,"
The pine boughs sigh in canon black;
Two shadows flit in silence swift—
Two broncos wait beyond the drift.

"I can not, will not go with you;
"What shame is this you'd have me do?
"I love you, love you, as you know,
"But then I love my father so;
"My mother's grave I can not leave—
"Kiss me good-bye, and do not grieve!"

Two shadows now in close embrace,
The moonlight shines on upturned face;
Soft vows of love and whispers sweet—
Two shadows fly on broncos fleet.

They dash adown the winding trail—
The mountain peaks aghast and pale—
What gleams behind yon poplar tree—
Crack comes the doom that is to be—
Falls "Tenderfoot" with death-drawn sigh—
"I'm on the squar'!" says Old Hoss Eye.

Dead-Eye Gulch, November 9th, 1907.



THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

IT kinder seems
To be a dream;
Things have slipped by
And somehow I
Can't always tell
Or know as well
As once I did.

The little gal,
The *fust* one, wal!
Sometimes at night,
So cute and tight
Her chubby fists
Are all atwist
In my old beard.

And yet it's ben
Mor'n five times ten
Years since she died;
And by her side
Her ma, poor thing!
Long mouldering,
Awaits the trump.

The other ones,
Dar'ters and sons,
Nine more in all,
Grew fine and tall
As tasseled corn—
No children born,
Smarter than they.

I'm grand-pa now
To, wal, I vow!
Some forty three—
Yes, let me see,
It's forty-five
To-day alive
And full of fun.

They all pet me
Whene'er they see
Me anywhere;
But that *fust* gal—
What's that "a dream"
May be! it seems
Like one wal! wal!

Washington, D. C., April 5th, 1906.



LIFE BEGUN.

AROUND my bed stood wife and child,
Tearful, all pale with woe;
The doctor said in whisper mild,
"Too late, he soon will go!"

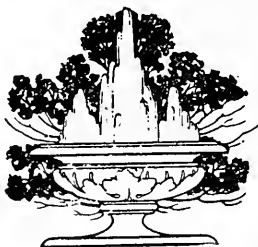
I knew not what it was he meant,
I felt so strong and free;
With hand on pulse o'er me he bent—
And yet he spoke of me!

"Oh, say not so!" my wife sobbed low;
My child cried loud in grief.
"He's gone!" the doctor answered slow,
"Death brings to pain relief!"

He pressed the lids down o'er my eyes,
My hands he crossed on breast;
No darkness came, to my surprise,
But only light and rest.

I wondered then, I wonder now,
Why wept my wife and son;
The death that settled o'er my brow
Was simply life begun.

Philadelphia, Penn., May 20th, 1907.



THE PROPHET'S VOICE.

I, THE prophet, here I stand
For the good in every land;
For the truth in heart of God
To be spread all space abroad;
I, the prophet, here I stand
For the good in every land.

I, myself, shall never see
What is here foretold to be;
But I lift on high my voice
Bidding all the world rejoice;
I, the prophet, here I stand
For the good in every land!

Comes through me the living word,
Beaming light wherever heard—
*"Love shall bring eternal peace,
War shall soon forever cease;"*
I, the prophet, here I stand
For the good in every land!

And my Voice shall ringing go
Making hearts to throb and glow—
*"Love shall bring eternal peace,
War shall soon forever cease;"*
I, the prophet, here I stand
For the good in every land!

Washington, D. C., March 22nd, 1907.

THE TEMPERANCE WAY.

I CARE not what you say
About the Temperance Way;
But if great thought you choose,
Fill up with good old "Booze".

Thought is creative power
And runs from hour to hour;
And we are truly Gods
With strength to down all odds.

At least that's what I think
Whene'er I take a drink
Of whiskey, rum or gin—
For then my thoughts begin:

My rags just disappear
And diamonds sparkle clear
On finger and on shirt—
And falls from me all dirt.

No more I am a “bum”,
For then I make things hum;
I am a millionaire—
Free as a bird in air.

But when the “booze” is gone
And morning comes along,
With groans I often say
Show me the “Temperance Way!”

Washington, D. C., September 11, 1912.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A WOMAN walked in grief,
Her head desponding low,
"My woe will never cease",
Moaned she, "If now you go!"

She bound my marriage tie
To be a faithful wife;
Her husband oft would sigh
When jealousy was rife.

Her lover young and fond,
With wildly beating heart,
Urged her to break the bond,
With him to swift depart.

"We'll take the ship right now,

"We'll cross the ocean wide;

"Life will be heaven, I vow,

"With you close by my side!"

"Oh, God! I love thee well,

"I long to go with thee—

"But we must say farewell,

"It cannot be, cannot be!

"To-morrow is the day

"He buys my new Spring hat;

"Good bye! Farewell! I say,

"I cannot give up that!"

Then sprang that youth in air,

Cracked heels together twice,

"You have no heart, I swear,

"Or it is solid ice!"

"Oh, yes, I have a heart,
"I love you, and all that;
"Kiss me, and let us part—
"For I must have that hat!"

Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1912.



LOVE'S WAY.

I LOVE thee as the Sea oft times loves the Shore,
Rushing with imperious ardor on the beach,
In sullenness retiring thence once more,
Making the slipping sands to weep at the wide
breach
Of love.

I love thee e'en as storm and wind and gale
Boldly assaulting every barrier of defense
That tremulously repels lest love prevail
O'er maiden fears, and then go sated hence
With love.

For love is like the tides that roar and swell amain,
Submerging shores and shaping continents at will,
And then all spent and wearied going back again
Around the globe to wanton lands to take fresh
fill
Of love.

So say not "nay", but yield to-day and now,
Give o'er the coyness, thy virgin alarms;
And know that Nature's law ordains by force and vow
Majestic love shall have within thine arms
Love's way!

Washington, D. C., March 7th, 1912.

THE ROCKY SLOPE.

YOU never know what you can do,
The only way is to try;
And do your best to put it through,
And never doubt nor sigh.

The road may be rocky and tough,
But climb the best you can;
And don't sit down, nor cry "Enough!"
"Brace up!" and be a man!

Some day you will laugh and tell your friends
How you struggled and fought;
And how the Power of Will transcends
Hindrance of what is sought.

And so I say do not give way,
Toil on and keep up hope;
And bear the burden day by day
Straight up the *rocky slope!*

Washington, D. C., December 9th, 1912.



THE HERITAGE.

SPEECHLESS I gaze at the Stars,
Speechless in wonder and awe;
Through measureless space that bars
All ken of finite law.

The thought of Manifest Power,
Transcendent, and vast, supreme,
Eternal from hour to hour,
Holds me as in a dream.

And I close my eyes and look
Deep in this heart of mine,
And I read, as in a book—
“The Heavens are surely Divine!”

Comes then a Voice to me there,
 "Thou too, Oh Soul, art from God,
"For to you the Heavens declare
 "His glory thus spread abroad!"

Washington, D. C., December 4th, 1912.



HER ANSWER.

I AM thinking, dreaming, musing,
And my heart goes out to you;
And something there is accusing
Deep within my conscience true—
For the law of right seems broken
By my love before unspoken,
And I know not what to do.

Not the Law by Heaven given,
But the law of man made here;
“Bonds”, it says, “may not be riven,
“Though they chafe and gall and sear—
“Law that is but base deception,
“Shrivelling heart’s most pure affection,
“You must yield to year by year!”

Hard it is to go against it—

Hard to keep up outward show—
And this law it claims full forfeit,
All I would be to forego;
Smothers inward peace serene,
Makes each caress seem unclean,
Changes blessing to deep woe.

In this world all life is holden
To the custom round about;
Whoso breaketh fashion olden
Will most surely be cast out—
Basest slander, scorn unbounded,
Finger pointing shame unfounded;
Never faith and always doubt!

I can see a Star all glowing
That uplifts my soul with love;
Shall I follow you well knowing
That fond light so far above
Gives no guidance for our feet
Where earth statute reigns complete?
If you *ask* it,—yes, *my love!*

Bide-a-Wee, Maryland, May 5th, 1912.

THE LIVING WORD.

TO write some word that yet shall live
When all my life is done,
What greater service can I give—
If be it noble one.

Since all of breath and pulse and power
That stir the mortal frame
Bespeak the presence hour by hour
Of purely transient flame!

And all I do and hope to do
In realm of mortal sense,
In time to come will perish too
When I am gone forth hence;

Then let me write the living word
To throb unceasingly,
Through all the ages to be heard
In solemn mystery—
And lo, the word is "GOD!"

Philadelphia, Penn., August 8th, 1910.

WHAT WROTE HE IN THE SAND?

WHAT wrote he in the sand
Before the people there?
Was it Divine command,
Or was it simply prayer?

“He stooped and wrote,” they say,
Whilst stood the guilty one;
And gathered round where they
Who sought to cast the stone.

To Him they brought the girl
With beauty all abloom;
Dishevelled gown and curl,
Expecting death her doom.

"Master, in that vile sin—

"We found in passion's act—

"This shameless one has been

"Condemned by shameless fact!

"The law that Moses wrote

"We stand to here maintain!"

And then to Him they quote

The penalty again.

He looked upon the face

Of sobbing womanhood;

His gaze bore not a trace

Of aught they understood.

He spake to them no word,

The silence grew intense,

Her sobs again were heard—

They deemed them mere pretense.

He wrote some wondrous line
In evanescent sand,
In graceful script, and fine,
Free flowing from His hand.

Then rising made reply,
"Let him who has no sin
"Cast stone that she may die—
"The fate of sin begin!"

They marvelled, and they fled
From Shining Presence swift;
"Go, sin no more!" He said—
Her heart the words uplift.

What wrote He in the sand,
What thought from Heights Above;
We may not understand—
But was it—"God is love!"

Bide-a-Wee, Maryland, May 1st, 1912.

“KIDS” AND “SQUARE MEN”.

YOU certain are a squint-eyed chump,
For you lost the game last night;
Just when the luck was sure to jump
Straight to our side all right.

You didn't see when I threw down
And swept the discards up,
You wouldn't look at my slight frown—
You were blind as a two-day pup!

Ten-spot and Jack, two Queens and Ace—
And the deal you knew was mine!
One Queen was dark, the rest light face—
And I always deal so fine!

Did you think I'd fail to "flip" a King
To fill "straight-flush" in view ;
With a discard plain as anything
As a "pardner" ever knew!

And so I say you should understood
And dropped out the game just then ;
But you "butted in"—and were no good—
To h—l with "*kids*"—give me "*square men*"!

Tres Hermanas, August 2nd, 1907.

AUGUSTUS AND ANNA.

SHE munches peanuts with a smile,
Her eyes shine with delight;
"I'll stay, Augustus, quite a while,
With *you* 'till late at night."

There sits sweet Anna perched up high
On seat near canvass roof,
Whilst round the ring the horses fly
With dancing, prancing, hoof.

ANNA:

"Oh, see the elephant walk the rope
And balance with his trunk;
It would be dreadful if it broke—
My Lord! that clown is drunk!"

"I never saw in all my days
A woman dressed like that—
A pair of slippers—low-cut stays—
And nothing but a hat!"

AUGUSTUS:

"But then you know, my precious pet,"
Augustus smiles in glee,
"She rides the horse all right, you bet,
And jumps so gracefully."

ANNA:

"I'm going home—you stay and stare—
She just suits you, no doubt—
Oh, gracious me! see up in air
The trapeze-man swing out!

"He caught that other swing with ease
And stands up there so grand;
A handsome man—look, look quick, please—
To me he waves his hand!

"I like it here! Ah, lemonade!
Yes, I'll have some, my dear!
Sit close to me, I am afraid,
Those roaring lions I fear."

And now at last they go around,
A-holding hands so nice,
All through the tented circus ground—
And all same ticket price.

They see the monkeys in the cage,
The marmadillo, too;
The striped tigress in a rage,
The long-tailed kangaroo.

ANNA:

"Great heavens, what a mouth to meet,
The hippopotamus!
You say you know a mouth so sweet—
Look out! They're watching us!

"The rider-woman you despise,
The trapeze-man I hate;
We both were fooling, both told lies—
It's true what we now state."

And as the years come circling round
Augustus, Anna too,
Will torment each with love profound
As married folks all do.

Washington, D. C., May 10th, 1913.



THE HUSBAND BEREAVED.

THE Good Wife always milks her cow
And cheerfully doth sing;
She feeds the chickens, cats and sow—
And does most everything.

She doesn't care to vote at all,
And makes good apple pies;
She cuts the wood both big and small,
And never scolds nor lies.

And when she dies and goes On High
What will the "Good Man" do?
He'll loaf around and smoke and sigh—
And seek a woman new.

Langdon, Maryland, April 3d, 1912.

The Book.

Life is a book and each must write
Incessantly
'neath glowing sun, 'through darkened night,
Mysteriously,
The thought and act and hope live on
Eternally.

And may you, Reader, as you go
So swiftly on
Along your way quick learn to know
And look upon
The record writ in your life-book
Most joyously.

Autos



FINIS







